Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 MAY, 1931 NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Vindication

UNFEELING people have cast aspersions at the dignity and appropriateness of our whale Emma, calling her a worthless animal, out of place in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. She has been hurt by it. To prove herself she has gone aside into her corner and quietly written a story.

Frankly, it amazes even us. The keenness of perception, the sympathy with humankind, the broad outlook, the pellucid, forceful style — these are qualities of genius. We can do no less than print the tale and let you judge for yourself.

We ask you, however, to note the restraint with which she draws her poignant conclusion, how she lets the reader imagine her hero's state of mind, bitter and desperate.

CIMMERIAN LAUGHTER
by Emma

Once upon a time there was a young man who worked in the subway as a change-maker. He took up the position at an age when the world seemed romantic and he thought there could be nothing more exciting than to watch the turbulent flow of humanity in such a place, the gamut of emotions, hopes and fears in the restless sea of faces.

At first he was so interested in these faces that he made change badly, often having to dig down into his own pocket to pay back the subway company money he had unthinkingly given away. When he gave less than was due, quite naturally, the customers saw his mistake.

Sometimes people would step over the chains between the turnstiles without showing him a police badge or proving otherwise that they had a right to go in without paying, but he usually gave no heed, thinking that the subway company could afford to lose a few nickels and that it was the guard's business anyway, which it was. But sometimes the guard was out having a glass of beer for himself at off hours, and one of those times a man started to climb over the chains without showing him a police badge or anything.

That day the young man happened to feel out of sorts and the action upset his equanimity, so he called through the bars of his little kiosk:

Copyright, 1931, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hey, there!" But though the man glanced over his shoulder and bared a few evil-looking teeth, he went on climbing. So the young man slipped out of his kiosk and climbed over the chains and went up to the man, who seemed bigger up close than he had.

"What's the idea?" he asked firmly.

"What idea?" returned the stranger.

"Jumping over the chains."

"What chains?" — stupidly gaping.

The young man turned to point and the stranger gave him a push that sent him staggering against a rubbish barrel. The stranger laughed jeeringly and a few men standing by guffawed also. This made the young man's ears burn, but he came back and said sternly:

"Give me that nickel."

"What nickel?" asked the stranger, stupid again.

"The one you didn't put in the slot."

"What slot?"

But the young man was not to be duped this time. He kept his eyes on the face before him.

"Don't be funny. Pay your fare or I'll have you arrested."

The stranger threw his head back and roared with laughter, and the bystanders snickered too, though somewhat puzzled. The young man was at a loss for something to say.

Just then, however, a policeman strolled down the stairs and climbed over the chains. The young man's face lit up and he called to him.

"Officer," he cried, "arrest this man. He won't pay his fare."

The policeman looked at the stranger and back at the young man.

"Ha!" he said mirthlessly. "He won't pay, won't he?"

He stared long at the stranger, then turned abruptly on the change-maker and barked:

"Who are *you?*"

The young man felt uneasy; the bystanders edged closer.

"Why, I'm the change-maker."

But the policeman was still suspicious.

"How do I know you're the change-maker?"

He thought a moment, and said lamely:

"Well, I am."

The policeman tried a new tack:

"How do I know you're not trying to rob this man?"

The young man's jaw dropped with the shock of this, and the stranger put in:

"That's just what he was doing."

"I think," said the officer grimly, "I'll have to arrest you."

Wordless, the young man stared at him. It was not right, nor just, nor decent. It was appalling. The officer took his arm. His knees began to tremble.

Then there was a roar and a train hurtled into the station. The policeman let go his arm, burst out laughing.

"Show the goof your badge, Tim," he gurgled, and something silver flashed in the stranger's hand. They ambled chuckling onto the train.

The young man went back to his kiosk shamed and quivering with rage.

Thereafter he began to lose interest in the faces that passed before him. He began to borrow magazines from the man in the newsstand and to idle away his time reading

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their thrilling contents. In a short time he was wholly a misanthrope.

Then he left the subway kiosk and went into politics, where the combination of his disillusion and his fund of impossible stories made him so successful that it is not now wise to give his name.

The Yumpin' Yimminy Sport

THREE score years and seven have rolled away since old Ross Coon, from behind the bar in the Angels Hotel, told Mark Twain the story on which he based his famous *Leaping Frog of Calaveras*. It was no more original with him than it was with Mark Twain. From the levees of the Mississippi, where the Negroes used to tell it, it was brought to California and put in circulation in Calaveras County, where Sam Sebaugh, of the San Andreas *Independent*, heard it and wrote it up as a local happening. This new version became very popular along the Mother Lode.

Long, long afterward, in 1927, a group of men in Angels Camp were casting about for something to stimulate interest in their town, and they hit upon the idea of reviving the jumping frog sport. If Mark Twain's yarn was so famous, they argued, there was no reason why its birthplace should not share in the glory. So they drew up plans and advertised and sent circulars and bustled about as all good boosters do.

And, as a result, three years ago this May the first Jubilee Day was celebrated.

Eighty years were forced back on the calendar: the whole town throbbed with the spirit of the middle of the last century. Belles and beaux of the forties, fifties and sixties, in rich and handsome array, were seen on every hand. Before enticing dance houses were heard the strains of *Oh, Susanna*, *Don't You Cry for Me*, and *Dixie* and other stirring tunes. Gay horsemen and ladies, too, dashed madly up the street, pursued by the pony express. Behind the daily stage was a covered wagon, while bringing up the rear a group of first Americans wrapped in vivid robes and blankets, marched stoically along.

The contest itself was held in the center of the town's main street, opposite the old American Hotel, the site upon which *Daniel Webster* originally grunted, struggled and failed to take off. This contest, however, was under the constant scrutiny of judges and inspectors to prevent too close a parallel, for Daniel, you will remember, was nefariously fed buckshot by the enemy just before the test.

Fifty-one entries toed the line, long, short, fat, thin, of multi-shaded green — the cream of California's frogs. Pools from such diverse and melodious-sounding places as Lodi, Modesta, Sonora, Melones, Santa Cruz, were fine-combed for husky animals. Louis Fisher of Stockton sent two picked frogs from his stable of 250.

When the gun went off, some forty of them hopped once, and again, and yet again, and in a moment were gone from the street into the high Sierras, their owners hard behind. Of the twelve remaining, *Pride of the San Joaquin* was easily victor, establishing a world's record of three feet six inches. *Budweiser* was second, three inches short of *Pride*.

It would be idle to attempt to put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into words the excitement of the fifteen thousand spectators. Suspense was what held them. They knew these frogs could jump, and jump far. Some of them, in fact, did. But whether they would or would not was the question, and there was no knowing the answer.

At any rate, the sport proved so fascinating that the Boosters' Club of Angels Camp decreed it an annual event. It became, also, a part of most county fairs in the State, but Jubilee Day in Angels Camp was the thing that really drew the crowds. In 1929 both entries and spectators were doubled; last year there were fifty thousand people present.

The rules were changed last year, so that each frog had to make three jumps in a row, presumably, to test also his endurance. *Pride of the San Joaquin* regained the title he had lost in 1929 by leaping straight into the air after a fly. His mark was twelve feet ten inches, though on exhibition he had done fifteen feet four inches, in the three jumps.

Also last year there was complaining about unethical practice in urging entries to perform. Feathers with pins in them, it was said, were employed; one trainer used electricity; another gave his frog a cool draught of beer. But most of them still thought kindness the best policy.

Ring Out, Ye Bells

TO ADMIT it may set us down as hopeless reactionaries, but the fact remains that we hate telephones. Disagreeable people use them to tell us bad news. They ruin good excuses for not doing things that ought to be done, such as talking to old friends of the family. Mainly, however, we hate the noise they make, which has the same effect on our tympana as Primo Carnera jumping on a stomach.

The thing has occupied our minds a good deal, and bit by bit we have conceived an idea — colossal in scope, though simple enough in its essentials — that might be of incredible benefit to humanity. It is, simply, to substitute for the telephone bell an apparatus that will play music.

This would immediately wipe out the menace to sanity in its buzzing, which, particularly in the dead of night, is considerable. But it would do more than that. It would make the public Music-Minded. It would help the telephone companies and the unemployed, because rich patrons would hire people to go out to the drugstore and ring them up by the hour, thereby sparing themselves the debilitating effect of their own advertising on the radio. It would keep more families home nights, away from the fleshpots, listening to the telephone.

But the unmistakable spark of genius in the idea is that a person who telephoned the new way would be able to choose any tune he wanted played at the other end. This is so tremendous a thought that it awes even us. Think of it! It would mean that *everybody could have a theme song!*

You see, it would furnish just the outlet, the means of self-expression that so many people need. No one would ever again have to live in Greenwich Village or write poetry; he would have a theme song. He could really express his personality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus, flamineous persons, like Aimee Semple McPherson, could use *Just a Gleam of Heaven in Her Eyes;* sentimental ones, like Peggy Hopkins Joyce, *Hearts that Wait Grow Weary;* and the wistful, like Walter Winchell, *Please, Mamma, Buy Me a Baby.*

There is another thing. When some one phoned there would be no more headlong dash by the whole family: the proper person would know he was wanted and by whom, and would go sedately, with mind prepared. Or when the person phoning roused no interest in the family, a single chorus of his theme song would be played through and that would end the matter. No lies, no long unnecessary ringing. "God bless old Uncle Tim," it would be, "let's go to the movies."

We have only one reservation to make. It is that no tune written after 1910 be allowed on the wires, and would spare us the horror of increased audibility for such things as *Just a Gigolo.*

W. A. D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Measuring in Millionths

By Chester T. Crowell

What Is an Optical Flat?

Back of every mechanical marvel which stirs the pride and imagination of this era of machinery there lies one field of scientific achievement about which the populace knows almost nothing. This is the rapidly and sensationally advancing science of measurement.

Scarcely a year passes without some scientist's announcing that he has blazed the trail of accurate measurements of space, time or energy a little farther into the previously unknown. Each of these advancements, at the time of its accomplishment, is an adventure in pure science, but before the applause subsides practical workmen gather to inspect the new device with a view to using it in their shops. There are now quite a large number of machines performing utilitarian service comparable to day labor that must be accurate, at least in some of their parts, within three or four hundred thousandths of an inch, a requirement that was unthinkable only a generation or two ago. And there are many hundreds of gauges in use in this country alone that must be accurate within a few millionths of an inch. When they go that far the story of how they did it suggests magic and sounds more like a fairy story than a plain account of sober science advancing its frontiers. Yet the methods are not difficult to understand.

Recently I placed my right hand upon a horizontal steel bar five inches in diameter and forty inches long and bent it by exerting probably not more than thirty pounds of pressure. I am positive that I bent the bar of steel because there was attached to it a small device which measures distance in terms of light waves. The wave length of the light used in that machine is twenty millionths of an inch. If my computations were correct I bent the bar of steel about five millionths of an inch, but I am no mathematical wizard so I may be a few millionths off. The injury to the steel bar was not permanent for as soon as I removed my hand it snapped back to its original shape. I know that it did that because the light bands in an "optical flat" that I was watching through a microscope again became regular. Light bands and optical flats may sound very mysterious to the layman but there is no reason why they should, for these instruments are now in com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mon use. They are the foot rules of this age of machinery.

In all of the arts and sciences humanity still has to begin at the grass roots, using mere hands, and in the science of measuring — or calibration as the scientists themselves call it — the optical flat represents the point of beginning, because it furnishes a straight line. Ordinarily most of us think of a straight line as something that we would draw on a sheet of paper but that sort of straight line would have no scientific value whatever. When scientists speak of a straight line they mean what we would call a plane or flat surface. In order to get one they begin with two pieces of glass such as opticians use, and they rub these together until irregularities in the two surfaces have disappeared. Then they have a straight line. Even then it is not absolutely accurate.

One of the best optical flats in the world is owned by the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington. It is circular in shape and about eleven inches in diameter; picture a very much oversized silver dollar and you have it. Its variation from absolute accuracy is known and may be stated as follows: if this eleven inch surface were expanded until it reached from Washington to Chicago, the variation from an absolute plane would still be less than one inch at the Chicago end. To make anything as accurate as that by hand is a very remarkable achievement, for the difficulties are appalling. I shall mention only one in passing: the workman who grinds an optical flat has to stop at frequent intervals because the warmth of his hands affects the temperature, hence the shape of the glass. The value of a straight line as represented by an optical flat is inestimable. If all of them were broken it would constitute a world disaster of the first magnitude.

The discovery that light comes in waves resulted originally from an adventure in pure science; however, ordinary daylight was not used because daylight is a mongrel made up of too many different colors, each with a separate wave length. The art of separating these colors had to precede the measurements of wave lengths and, of course, did so. Today when a scientist uses the light wave as a unit of measurement he either produces a monochromatic light artificially or he sets up a type of glass that will filter only one kind of light; then he is certain that he is working with a known quantity. The original discovery was made by Albert A. Michaelson, an American. First he simply guessed that light comes in waves, then he set to work to see if his guess was right. He used for this purpose a mirror that was only partly or rather thinly silvered so that it would simultaneously reflect a beam of light and at the same time be penetrated by that beam of light. Then by an arrangement of fully silvered mirrors surrounding the original partly silvered mirror he sent the two beams of light in a circle and back again through the partly silvered mirror. It was his theory that with both beams of light travelling the same distance and all other conditions carefully regulated he ought — if light really did come in waves — to get alternate flashes of light and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periods of darkness on the partly silvered mirror. He tried the experiment and it worked out precisely as he thought it would.

THE next step was to take some standard unit of measure as a basis in order to reduce the time between flashes to terms of distance. For this purpose the original standard French meter, the master meter of the whole metric system, was used. Moving this master meter along at a fixed speed while the flashes of light were counted mechanically, two extremely important measurements were accomplished simultaneously. First the length of the light wave was measured in terms of fractions of the meter, and second the meter was measured in terms of the light wave. Of the two operations probably the second was of the more immediate practical value, because up to that time the original or master meter would have been extremely difficult to replace. Now it was reduced to a mere formula and could easily be replaced because light waves do not vary. To reproduce the meter, one would take a bar of metal of the same quality, thickness, and temperature as that of the standard meter, but the length would be unimportant; he would notch this bar of metal, insert it in the machine that was to move it along and then when the requisite number of light waves had been counted, another notch would be made. Thus the standard meter would be reproduced; indeed it has been reproduced more than once.

As experiments with light waves proceeded, it was discovered that by tipping the partly silvered mirror previously mentioned very slightly out of alignment a new phenomenon appeared. Briefly, instead of getting alternate flashes of light followed by intervals of darkness, the two became mixed up on the face of the mirror with the result that one saw perpendicular rows of light and darkness resembling an old-fashioned picket fence.

Now we come to a new use for the optical flat. By an arrangement of mirrors it is possible to throw the reflection of the fence pickets onto the plane surface of the optical flat and thus test the levelness of the surface upon which the flat is resting. How? Well, if the surface is absolutely level, the reflected fence pickets will be just as straight up and down as they are on the mirror from which they emanate; but if the surface under the optical flat isn't level, the fence pickets it reflects will be curving and irregular.

AS FOR the steel bar that I bent, the only marvelous part of the stunt is that performed by the instrument which measures so slight a pressure upon such an imposing piece of metal. This bar of steel had been set up absolutely horizontal and there was attached to the top of it an optical flat. About a foot back of the bar was a mercury lamp, which gives a monochromatic light of known wave length; also there was the necessary arrangement of mirrors reflecting the light bands onto the optical flat. Above this bit of glass was a very powerful microscope, so that the slightest variation in the bands would be visible. I looked through the microscope and saw that the bands were absolutely straight up and down. Then I placed my hand on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bar of steel, exerted pressure and watched the light bands waver. Thus I knew I had bent it.

So much progress has now been made in this field of delicate measurement that it is possible to determine not only the extent but the direction of the bending, nor is this very difficult. It resolves itself into rather ordinary problems in arithmetic.

The practical importance of all this? Well, let us assume that that five inch bar of steel is destined for use as a shaft in some machine designed to generate power. It must carry a very heavy strain and at the same time it must fit other parts of the machine within certainly five ten-thousandths of an inch, under working conditions. A variation of one five-thousandth of an inch beyond the margin of safety would mean friction and a horrible explosion. Most of the modern types of power-generating machinery move at such unimaginable speeds that if anything should go wrong and friction result the metal would become incandescent in a few minutes. Any newspaper reader knows that such accidents simply don't happen nowadays and most of us have forgotten that once they did happen, at least occasionally. The art of calibration is now so well advanced that an ordinary shop work inspector would very quickly spot an error of five hundred-thousandths of an inch and refuse to O.K. the defective part.

THE extremely delicate measurements that can be made with light waves are, however, not applied day after day to parts of machines in process of manufacture, because this is not necessary. Light waves and the straight lines of optical flats are, as a rule, reserved for the manufacture of master gauges and standard units of measurement, which are carefully housed somewhere near the workshops and not taken out of the rooms in which they are housed, because it is necessary to keep them at unchanging temperatures. Master gauges are used solely for testing working gauges, and these are manufactured as needed for ordinary use.

IN SPITE of the remarkable advances in automatic machinery for measuring microscopic distances, the human eye and hand tend steadily to approach the new standards by evolutions that are nothing less than amazing. Not long ago I was introduced to an inspector who had detected an inaccuracy of one thousandth of an inch in the gauge he was using simply, as he explained, "by the feel of it." The gauge in question was used for measuring the diameters of steel shafts. In appearance it is the letter C, with a polished flat surface at each end of the single line that makes a capital C. These flat surfaces will fit perfectly against a circular shaft, although that seems improbable until one has tried it. If the shaft refuses to go into the mouth of the C, it is too big, and if it goes in easily, it is too small; when exactly right the human hand can feel that the fit is perfect. These gauges in the larger sizes have a hinge that is manipulated by a screw and alongside of the screw is the scale in terms of tiny fractions of an inch. The inspector in question set his gauge at the proper figure, used it on a shaft, and then made an adjustment. According to the pointer on the scale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his gauge was now set inaccurately, but it felt right to him. Under the circumstances, his duty was obvious; he took the gauge immediately to the man in charge of master gauges in order to have it checked. Incidentally he remarked: "It feels to me like it's one thousandth off." Now that is just about the thickness of an onion skin paper and for a man to imagine that he could feel any such inaccuracy with his fingers would seem to indicate a highly nervous condition, but the gauge, when tested, proved to be exactly one thousandth of an inch wrong.

"THEY do things like that every twice in a while," the man who checked the gauge informed me. "God knows how they do it. One thousandth of an inch certainly isn't visible and in a gauge as big as the one he was using I don't see how he could have felt it. The only explanation I can think of is that the screw in the hinge didn't feel right to him when he set the gauge because that was where I found the trouble. But if that was where he felt it, the sense of touch in his fingers must be very highly developed because the trouble in that screw thread wasn't anything like one thousandth of an inch; it had been multiplied many times before it reached the surfaces that fit against the shaft he was measuring."

From time to time during recent years there have appeared in the newspapers reports of scientific progress in exploring the structure of the atom. As a rule these explorations were undertaken as adventures in pure science, but the implements used in this work are rapidly being adopted for practical service as well, especially those which employ light waves. In this field a light wave twenty millionths of an inch long would be of no more value than a cowboy's lariat. Atoms are explored with the X-ray which produces a light wave so short that it easily wriggles in between two atoms. For instance it is now known that the distance between an ion of sodium and an ion of chlorine in ordinary table salt is .00000002814 of a centimeter. A beam of light from an X-ray travelled through that tiny space and brought with it the exact measurement. The implement used in making this calculation very much resembles a brass barrel with a water spout sticking out of one side of it. In the barrel is the X-ray. The water spout on close examination proves to have only a tiny slit of an opening about one inch long and barely wide enough to accommodate the thinnest blade of a small penknife. The X-ray beams come out through this small slit and the purpose of the water-spout arrangement is to start them off on a straight line. When a measurement is to be made, a sliver of wood somewhat smaller than a toothpick is covered with atoms of the type under investigation and placed in front of the opening in the water spout and directly in line of the beams from the X-ray.

AT THIS point, it is important for the reader to consider that we are dealing with measurements of space between the atoms and not with explorations into the interior of the atom. We are dealing here with a measurement for strictly utilitarian purposes and it will relate to the nature of metal. All metal is made up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of crystals just as salt is made up of crystals.

Now it has been discovered that the atoms composing any crystal will deflect the light beams of the X-ray from their true course. Therefore, after placing some of these crystals in front of the little slit in the water spout the scientist next places a photographic film at a carefully measured distance behind the crystals. With this arrangement he gets a photographic record of the deflection of the X-rays. He knows that they started in a straight line; second, he knows how far they travelled from the atoms to the photographic plate; third, he knows how far they have been deflected from their true course because that is reflected on the photographic plate. Thus he is in possession of all the parts of the triangle he needs in order to construct the rest of it, and after a few mathematical computations he knows the width of the space through which the X-ray beams travelled. Thousands of these measurements have now been made, so they are reduced to scales and recorded on master gauges.

LET us suppose that you want to know whether the stuff you have purchased really is tungsten or just something that looks like tungsten. You gather up a few grains of it, turn on the X-ray, read the score on the scale, consult your chart, and you know without more ado whether you have tungsten or not. Moreover if there is something else mixed up with the tungsten you will know what that is, too.

These measurements are now of such accuracy that they are leading chemistry a merry chase for the job of supreme arbiter in passing upon the nature of metal. By the use of the X-ray not only the space between atoms is discovered, but the various shapes of the atoms also, and this leads directly to knowledge about what can be done with alloys to change the nature of any given metal in order to make it harder, softer, more or less brittle, easier or harder to melt, or a better conductor of electricity.

THE arrangement of atoms in the various types of metal is now so generally known among scientists that if ever the need arose their testimony on this point would be admissible in a court of law. Suppose, for example, that Mr. A. infringed Mr. B.'s patent on some delicately calculated alloy of metals and then asserted in defense of his infringement that he was using entirely different sorts of metal from those covered by Mr. A.'s patent. Presumably the judge would permit experts to testify and among the first to be called would be the men who operate those queer looking barrels with the tiny waterspouts. There are only twenty of those barrels in the United States but that would be enough, for the calculations of the men who operate them are singularly uniform. Mr. B.'s testimony about the metal he was using wouldn't be worth a cancelled postage stamp after ten or fifteen men had tested it before the X-ray and all got the same result.

Of course, being human, they do argue among themselves, from time to time, but their disputes generally relate to the accuracy of the eleventh

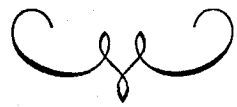
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure behind the decimal point. Some day those figures may be pushed out even farther behind the decimal point. Take table salt, for example, and the distance between the particles of sodium and chlorine which is at present regarded as .0000000281 4 of a centimeter: there is a certain amount of dispute about that final four. Broad-minded liberals are willing to concede that it may eventually turn out to be a five or even a three. Beyond that, however, no concessions have been made thus far, because these funny looking brass barrels are pretty accurate.

Off on the sidelines, however, the pure scientists glance at such labors as these without bothering to applaud, because they are today experimenting with units of measurements called Angstroms. An Angstrom is one ten-millionth part of a millimeter. Speaking of a measurement recently made in terms of Angstroms, N. H. Williams of the Department of Physics, University of Michigan, remarked, and I ought to add that he remarked casually: "The errors are about a billionth of a millimeter, which is four one-hundred-thousandths of a millionth of an inch." And then he added, still casually: "When greater accuracy is desired it is attainable."

Calculations in this rarefied atmosphere are used in the course of exploring the anatomy of the atom. Let's have a few more words from Professor Williams on this subject: "The characteristic radiations from different kinds of atoms are revealing the internal structure of the atoms, and many of the radiations that are the most useful in these studies are in the infra-red region. Since we can neither see these radiations nor photograph them, it becomes necessary to convert their energy into heat and measure the minute change of temperature they produce with a thermocouple."

But now that we have reached a field that can't even be photographed and where the unit of length is one ten-millionth part of a millimeter, it's about time to bring this article to a close.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Machines

And Less Men

By Ralph Aiken

There was once a boy whose mother set him to peeling a whole bushel of apples. After ten minutes of effort he went next door and borrowed an apple-peeler — the kind that skins the fruit by turning a crank. When his mother came upon him a little later she exclaimed good-naturedly:

"You lazy boy! I wanted you to do some work and there you are playing with a machine!"

Whether we like it or not the world is evidently entering upon a period of leisure for all men. Work seems doomed to be taken from us. In the grip of machinery the ideals of an industrious past are fast fading beyond recognition.

Even Russia, where labor is prolonged by inefficiency, is making a serious mistake in attempting to construct a factory workers' paradise. The industrial worker may be the darling of the Soviet Republics, yet this solicitude for a *working*-class society indicates a singular lack of foresight on the part of the governing powers.

For a social structure raised on the life and labor of the factory worker is already out-of-date. At no very distant time a mill-hand will be as rare as a bison. He is marked for extinction. In a world rapidly becoming wholly mechanized the worker will find it difficult to maintain his individuality and his limited outlook upon life. When engineering progress eliminates the factory worker there will be no use in sympathizing with industrial slaves.

Neither Capitalism, Socialism, greed, nor envy can prevent the mechanization of industry. The machine is ready to force freedom on a laborious and wilfully toiling people. The worker may cling to his work but he cannot perpetuate it when machinery liberates him.

The replacement of men by machines is not a hazy future possibility. We may consider it a coming certainty in the light of present developments and in the record of the machine since first its power was derived from steam.

It goes without saying that practically nothing can be done by hand. We cannot even write a letter by hand — it must be done with a pen, if not a typewriter. But until James Watt made unlimited power available, the machine was directed by the man who operated it. Great skill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was needed and great art developed in the handling of machinery and tools. A woman of India could spin with her distaff two hundred and fifty miles of excessively fine thread from one pound of cotton. An armorer could forge blades of steel that never have been equalled for strength and toughness.

But how these workers had to work! From dawn until dark, and later. Contrary to general belief, the days preceding industrialism were not leisured. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants spent their waking hours in toil. They may have been unhurried, they may have taken their time at their tasks, but they had no leisure; their time was not their own.

We derive this tradition of leisure in the past from observation of the upper classes only. If we glance at the lower classes we find that:

"The earliest miners in Scotland were serfs; the first miners in Northern England were bondsmen who sold themselves by the year and were forbidden by law to leave the mines to which they were bound."

And Mr. Defoe can tell us what Halifax, England, was like in 1727, long before the industrial revolution:

"Among the manufacturers' houses are likewise scattered an infinite number of cottages in which dwell the workmen which are employed, the women and children of whom are always busy carding, spinning, etc., so that no hands being unemployed all can gain their bread, from the youngster to the ancient; hardly anything above four years old but its hands are sufficient to itself."

Or in our own country at about the same time:

"The dreary drudgery, the intense physical labor required of the colonial housewife was of such a nature that the woman of today can scarcely comprehend it. The very building of a fire to cook the food with was a laborious task with flint and steel.

"The supplying of the household with its winter stock of candles was a harsh but inevitable duty in the autumn and the lugging about of immense kettles, the smell of tallow, deer suet, bear's grease, and stale pot-liquor, and the constant demands of the great fireplace, must have made the candle season a period of terror to many a burdened wife and mother. Then, too, the constant care of the wood ashes and chunks of fat and lumps of grease for soap making was a duty which no housewife dared to neglect."

Not to mention the ordinary tasks of spinning, knitting, and weaving. "When we remember that the sewing machine was unknown, we may comprehend to some extent the immense amount of labor performed by women and girls one hundred and fifty years ago.

"There was a constant drain upon woman's physical strength through the lack of those household conveniences which every home maker now considers mere necessities."

Upon this world of toil, well-equipped with hand-machines though it was in 1760, suddenly shone the relief of labor. The steam engine arrived to turn wheels and work treadles and the strenuous operation of machines by human muscle became no longer necessary.

It is remarkable how swiftly this new source of energy was applied.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wind and water power had been of limited use but the steam engine could be carried anywhere. And in the short space of seventy-five years it was to be found everywhere in Europe and America.

THE first noteworthy replacement was the elimination of the horse in long distance travel. Horses were frequently driven to death in an attempt to secure speed, and undoubtedly an enormous amount of suffering was ended by the railroad.

But when it came to relieving human beings of toil, the steam engine seemed to be at odds with humanity for a long time. The trouble lay not in the machine but in the human beings. They had no conception of relief from toil. They had no respect for a short working day. They were used, in their cottage factories, to labor from twelve to sixteen hours daily. And when they removed their activities from the cottage to the mill, they chained themselves to the spindles and the looms and they chained their children, too.

This oppression of labor was blamed on the mill owners, but it was possible only because the workers were accustomed to expect toil. How many children have been worked to death in home sweat-shop or on the farm before ever the steam engine opened factory doors to the toilers? Parents who were accustomed to waken their children from the sleep of exhaustion with blows in order to get them to the factory at five in the morning, when they had come home at nine the night before, must have been poor guardians of their offspring when they labored under the parental roof.

Indeed, in our own country a hundred years ago many a farmer's lad was worked until he dropped with fatigue, and the father was merely considered a hard man. It was his privilege to work his son. And if he chose to send him to labor in a factory at a shilling or two a week, that also was his privilege.

The horror of child labor may have been augmented by the swift pace of power-driven machinery for a time. But what was the ultimate result? All child labor ceased in England and the northern United States, not only in the factory, but in the home and on the farm and everywhere. Schools succeeded the irresponsible father and a sense of the rights of children developed that had never existed before the industrial revolution.

THERE is no circumventing the machine. In its early stages it may drive the worker at a breakneck pace. But it is characteristic of the machine that it continually tends to render itself automatic. There is no standing still; progress is imperative. And progress continually extends the operation of the machine and eliminates the attendance of labor.

This is illustrated in the original invention of the steam engine itself. When first put into operation a boy had to turn valves continually, admitting the steam and letting it out again. But the boy was intelligent enough to rig up ropes and tie them to various parts of the engine so that, as it ran, the machine turned its own valves. It was rendered in a measure automatic. Of course the boy lost his job. But if he was a natural boy, he was glad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the machine has freed horses and children from labor almost to the complete satisfaction of the humanitarian in English-speaking countries, it has already done far more than that. It has to a great extent broken the tradition of toil.

It is characteristic of the Caucasian and the Mongolian that conscientious members of those races have felt impelled to labor unceasingly if they wanted to make a successful living. For centuries this has found expression in a driving manual toil among all good workmen. A worker to be depended on, to be marked for success, must be always on the job. Very well and good before the days of power driven machinery, but when a worker no longer has any job, what is he to be always on?

The fact is that no matter how much men may wish to toil, and thus satisfy their instinct of achievement, the machine will not permit them to. Arduous manual labor as practiced a hundred years ago is not generally possible today.

Class-conscious individuals may feel that labor organizations have reduced the hours of labor. But it is a question in considering social improvement over long periods of time, if betterment is not due to forces quite beyond human planning or control. The invention of the electric light results in a widespread saving of labor but no housewives' union abolished oil lamps.

The first workers to benefit by shorter hours were the machine workers, who may have been organized. The last were the farmers, who never have been organized. But the hours of labor of the farmer have been reduced quite as much in proportion as the hours of labor of the factory hand. When a farmer went to town he used to take all day with his horse and wagon; now he jumps into his car and is there and back in a couple of hours. It is a physical impossibility for him to work as hard as he used to.

A man who worked only ten hours a day in the year 1800 was a loafer. Today a half-million workers in the United States enjoy the five day week, and the railroad brotherhoods expect to see the arrival of the six hour day at no distant time. Labor unions are useful only in demanding what they can get. It is the machine that has made it possible for them to get what they demand.

The reduction of labor, indeed, has been continuous ever since the industrial revolution began. When power looms were first invented, one workman attended to five looms. Today one man may attend to forty. In Adam Smith's classic he describes carefully the division of labor among men who make pins. Today no man makes a pin. Machines do everything connected with pin-making.

Although the machine has done much to end labor, there are still a good many workers employed in factories. The question is, will they continue to be? By all the record of past development, one must answer no. And the chronicles of the present merely carry on the story of the past by telling us bit by bit of the steady displacement of men by machines.

Take, for instance, the case of the A. O. Smith Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A few years ago they constructed a factory to turn out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frames for automobiles. For this factory they planned every conceivable saving in labor. The automatic machinery performs nearly 4,000,000 operations in a single day. The number of men employed to supervise the equipment is about 200, or less than one-fifth the number that would be needed for equal production in a semi-automatic plant. And yet they have not done all they can. The material in the course of its manufacture is so controlled that sooner or later human labor will be practically done away with in the production of automobile frames.

And in case you think the automobile business has always been automatic anyhow, see what a President of the National Industrial Conference Board says: "The automobile industry today requires one-third the number of workers to produce a given number of cars that it did in 1914."

The constant introduction of improved machinery steadily reduces the number of workmen per thousand cars. Are we coming to a time when automobiles will almost make themselves? It looks as if something like that might happen.

Or suppose we glance at what is considered the laggard of industries where mechanization is concerned. Says a Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Coal Company:

"Until recently, practically all the bituminous coal mined in the United States from flat beds had been shovelled by hand into cars. With the development of various types of loading devices, including loading machines, entry-driving machines, conveyors, scrappers, and pit-car loaders, this situation is changing rapidly. According to data at hand, the tonnage loaded by these devices, either completely mechanical or labor saving, has increased about 50% per year."

At hand loading mines an average output per employe of five tons daily is not unusual. At mines using mechanical loading the output per employe has been doubled. In modern strip mines, whose number is increasing, it is not uncommon to find a production ranging from fifteen to twenty tons per employe per day.

Increased tonnage, unless the consumption is increased also, undoubtedly means reduced labor. Here again the worker is slowly becoming superfluous.

It is the basic industries that count. If automatic machinery were peculiar to automobiles only, or to some other special fabrication, the disappearance of the worker might be doubted. But everywhere the worker is disappearing.

Take the case of steel. You may not know that steel mills are becoming mechanized, too. It is a popular belief that Hungarians work twelve hours a day and seven days a week in the steel mills. They may have slaved in such fashion at one time, and they may still do so in some out-of-date plants, but they won't be able to continue so magnificent a performance for very long. The machine is hot upon them.

As long ago as 1926 a revolutionary process was commenced in the rolling of sheets. Said the Iron Age magazine in 1927:

"The sheet mill of tomorrow is in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

successful operation at the plant of the Columbia Steel Company at Butler, Pennsylvania. We say tomorrow because it does in large part mechanically what is now done by hand.

"Instead of the familiar sheet and pair furnaces facing a single stand of rolls, there will be found continuous heating furnaces for the heating of slabs. The long strip of sheet steel, up to thirty-six inches wide, runs under mechanical control and without man-handling."

The yearly output of a hand mill is about 24,000 tons. "The Butler mill is counted on to produce 400,000 tons annually," although the need of the entire country is only about 4,500,000 tons in a year.

"To see the sheet delivery at high speed from such a mill is truly an impressive sight."

And to see the former worker disconsolately contemplating a future of freedom from labor in that mill is equally impressive.

EVEN in small matters the steel trade shows progress. Much of the metal has to be plated for preservation or appearance, and the Iron Age said in 1930:

"Plating departments have long been the bottle neck in the production line, simply because every operation was done manually. With the coming of automatic and semi-automatic plating equipment, this fault has been remedied. Plant engineers have devised many ingenious methods of conveying work to and from the plating room thereby speeding up production and considerably reducing the time of work in process, in some instances as much as 60%.

"Prior to 1925 not more than fifty large metal working establishments in this country were equipped to do plating automatically. Today there are two hundred plants so equipped. Even two large safety-razor manufacturers are gold-plating their products by machinery."

IN ALL industries it is the same. Perhaps the textiles show least progress, but the textile industry has been in the valley of depression for many years. Even so, textile engineers told us in 1928 that there were "definite increases in output per machine and a tendency to increase output per employe." While in 1930 "improved methods of production, combined with the gradual adoption of improved equipment has during the past four years greatly increased the unit production of both employe and plant."

After awhile we shall have cotton or rayon spinning and weaving and turning into garments all by itself. The period of universal automatic manufacturing is bound to come. It is a slow process, of course, but swift in the light of a century.

That it is making headway, so far as the dispensation with labor is concerned, may be shown by a few facts gathered from various boards and bureaus.

During the years from 1920 to 1927 the wage earners employed in general manufacturing diminished by 600,000. The steam railroads, also, laid off 307,000. The coal mines dispensed with 100,000. Some industries like automobile, rayon, and radio expanded tremendously, but the general disappearance of jobs amounted to 650,000.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the same time the individual production increased 35% in the years from 1921 to 1925.

A typical example of how jobs disappear is given by the New York subways. In 1920 there was a ticket taker at every platform entrance. Today the passenger drops a nickel in the slot and passes through a turnstile, with the result that several hundred men have looked for jobs elsewhere.

The very functions of labor are changing. The business of the worker now is to help the machinery out when it gets into trouble. For this reason a mill manager says that labor earns profits only when it does nothing.

The writing on the wall is plain enough. Some among us have got to learn to do without work. Probably no task could be more difficult for an inhabitant of the United States, where work has always been religiously venerated. And of course, the natural inclination to labor is further encouraged by the fact that without some form of work subsistence is cut off. The old idea that one must work to live dies hard, and it may kill us in the process.

Just at present there has to be a circulation of money to keep the leisured proletariat going. The machine is willing to provide enough and we are willing to consume enough, but money is needed to effect distribution. With 1,800,000,000 people in the world, of whom perhaps 1,700,000,000 are inadequately supplied with goods, it seems ridiculous to complain of overproduction. Yet in the midst of easy manufacturing we are likely to run the risk of starving.

The trouble lies in the fact that those who need are unable to make any adequate return to those who are ready to give. The millions of men cannot pay for their requirements except with the work of their hands. The Negroes of the United States, for instance, are 97% manual laborers. Yet manual work is not much wanted now and soon will be no longer needed.

The question is, what is going to happen as the machine pushes out the laborer? It is a fascinating question because the future, with no workers needed and no money available for the worker, is packed with such excitement as the French revolution or the late World War could never provide.

The machine, with its tremendous gift of freedom from drudgery, is leading us into the valley of destruction. Shall we win through it to heights of glorious leisure, or shall we die ironically from too much freedom?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man with the Bullet Hole in His Hat

By James Noble Gifford

A Story

Llewellyn Jones was a shining example of highly developed mediocrity, and at thirty-five even he had come to think of himself as Jones rather than as Llewellyn. Of late he had begun to sign his name L. Jones at the bank where he occupied an unimportant desk, but no one had commented on the change and, indeed, he had not expected that anyone would. To his associates he had always been just Jones, simple and unqualified. Even his teachers when he was a boy in school had called him Jones and not Llewellyn. It was as if they instinctively resented his parents' effort to individualize him. And very early, he had ceased to care or even think about it.

At twenty-five he would sometimes express an opinion by saying, "A plain man like myself feels this way about it," but that had soon become unnecessary and he had ceased being so obvious. Then, too, he had almost stopped having opinions since he never expressed any. He preferred being alone in the midst of the crowd. He enjoyed doing his work as one of several thousand men doing their work in a great bank. He reveled in the perfect solitude of thronged places. He was happy in the subway.

His clothes fitted so perfectly that you felt they were picked out for him by the salesmen. He made a reasonable salary at the bank because he was very efficient there and since he worshipped correctness and neatness he always dressed that way. He was pointed out as a model to aspiring young clerks.

Then came a Saturday in early April when Spring poured golden ecstasy down upon the world. Even the dim canyons in lower New York were flooded with the touch of splendor and hearts stirred, pulses quickened, eyes brightened and there was thanksgiving that it was Saturday with its afternoon of freedom and promise. In a few days, the baseball season would begin. There was little talk of anything else. It was Spring. A sentimentalist might sigh that the crack of the ball has replaced the sight of the robin. But then only a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentimentalist could imagine a robin in Wall Street. The office boys and bank runners talked wildly and whistled softly, but they were unreproved. The head of the bond department walked restlessly about with a tiny bunch of violets in his buttonhole. The guards stationed all over the building thrust thumbs into their Sam Browne belts, rocked on their heels and smiled. It was Spring.

AT HALF past one, Jones left the crowded restaurant where he had lunched and strolled slowly up Broadway. He, too, had felt the urge of the season, the magic of the golden moment, and so he was strolling up Broadway to buy a new hat. His life had not been one to make him yearn for the open country and the free, wandering winds, but he did see that his hat, though still good, was not worthy of the day. So at twenty minutes to two, he entered his regular shop, went to his regular salesman and, after being greeted, mentioned that he thought he could use a new hat.

The man agreed gaily. The magic of Spring had touched him, too. He wore a pink in the lapel of his coat. He handed Mr. Jones a hat of palest pearl grey with a grey band. There was even a very soft grey silk lining in it. He cried, "This is a real Spring hat!"

And his customer, who had never even dreamed of wearing such a hat before, said, "I think so, too. I'll wear it now. Will you send the other home for me?" and strolled out with the gleaming hat placed jauntily on his rather large head, hiding his thin, wispy hair. He was a little astonished at his own temerity. He had never bought anything quite so simply. He decided to walk all the way home and he didn't realize he had so decided until he found himself crossing Chambers Street and not turning down toward the subway. He continued up Broadway. He felt ridiculously happy.

So without being at all a fool, he did rush in where angels might well fear to tread. Not far above Twenty-third Street, he vaguely noticed a car, and then a volley of shots rang out. There were swift screams and curses; and a man just a few paces ahead of him wilted and crumpled to the pavement. Jones dashed forward to help the man. As he bent over the body, there was a single shot from the car swinging around a corner. He felt something; he didn't know what in the overwhelming tide of his emotions. When police rushed up a minute later he was trying to lift the bleeding mass to its feet and muttering, "Stand up; stand up."

IT SEEMED no time to poor, bewildered Jones before there were detectives, reporters, photographers and, of course, the police, desperately trying to keep the crowd away from the limp thing lying on the sidewalk. It reminded Jones absurdly of a toy back in the dim past, a balloon shaped like a pig. You blew it up and then it stood on its legs and whistled as the air rushed out of it. Finally, with a last squeak, the pig would crumple over and be only a deflated balloon. Jones pushed back a wisp of thin hair from his forehead. A man touched him on the arm.

"Say, is this yours?" He held out a very pale grey hat. It had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crushed and the brim stepped on, but its gleaming newness could not be denied. Jones mumbled thanks and put the hat on his head. The man shook his arm.

"Say, mister, there's a bullet hole through your hat."

Jones snatched it from his head, stared at it blankly a moment and then replaced it.

"Yes, I felt it."

After that all was chaos. A little while later he was in the police station answering questions. One man had an idea that he had had something to do with it, but the others just wanted to know things.

Yes, there had been a car. The shots had come from the car. No, he hadn't noticed what kind of car. No, he hadn't noticed any license plate. No, he hadn't seen how many men were in the car. Yes, he thought it was a closed car, but he couldn't be sure. Yes, he had run to pick up the man. No, he hadn't known the man was dead. No, he couldn't say just what he had felt. There had been the shots. Then the man just crumpled up. When he bent over the man, a sudden feeling had passed over him. No, he couldn't describe it any better than that. Yes, he knew his hat had been shot off his head as he bent over, but what could he do?

A detective leaned toward him.

"Do you know they tried to kill you? That bullet that messed up your hat was meant for your head. Do you understand that? Now for God's sake, try to help us. You missed death by an inch."

He held out the hat. Jones looked at it numbly.

"I'd like to help, but I don't know how."

"You sure you never knew 'Spike' Nolan?"

Jones shook his head. "Spike" Nolan then had been his name. The deflated balloon crumpled in death had once been the ruthless killer, the Lord of Gangland. The papers had called him that only a few days before. In the bank, the feats of this man had been discussed with bloodthirsty gusto. Just a few minutes ago, he, L. Jones, had just escaped death running to help him. He felt a ridiculous desire to wash his hands in very hot, very soapy water.

Then suddenly Jones was given his hat and told he could go. As he walked out of the police station, cameras clicked and in an instant he was surrounded by avid reporters.

What did he have to say to the press? Nothing. Had he been of any help to the police? No. Didn't he think the whole thing was terrible? At last Jones found voice.

"Yes, it was all terrible, very terrible."

The reporters pushed back, thanking him, and then ran wildly for telephones. Jones found a taxi to take him home.

Now Jones was one of those who know that tabloid newspapers exist and also that even in banks office boys and runners read them, but he had never read one and in the ordinary course of events never would have read one. He knew that such papers had little to do with the financial world, and in that world he had his being.

So it is natural that Jones was astonished, to say the least, at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rousing reception he received at the bank Monday morning. Office boys, messengers, clerks, everyone hailed him as the new hero of Wall Street, and in their eager acclaim there was no enlightening explanation. Finally, a paper was thrust into his hands and it dawned on him that it was not all a joke, for there was his picture on the front page of the city's most lurid tabloid. There was no mistaking it. Above all, there was the pale pearl grey hat with the bullet hole clearly defined like a smudge of smoke searing the grey perfection of a dawn at sea. But if the picture and the prominence given to it was astonishing, what can one say for Jones' feelings when he turned to page two, as recommended, and began to read. Even the headlines left no doubt of the context, as, indeed, tabloid headlines are not intended to leave any doubt as to what follows and a great deal that does not.

It is doubtful that he completely grasped the significance of that lead story, especially since the buzzing and congratulations and excitement reigning around him left very little room to grasp an idea so completely new. An office boy pushed through the throng.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Van Grundt would like to speak to you now, if it's convenient."

At this moment, it is probable that Jones' surprise was surpassed by that of everyone in the group about him. Mr. Van Grundt was not in the habit of requesting people to see him at their convenience, and it was obvious that his request, couched in such unusual terms, had even impressed the red-headed Mercury who bore it. The perfect barometer of official popularity is always the office boy. The group drew back respectfully now, for to get on the front page of a tabloid might be fame, but to get such a message from Mr. Van Grundt was positive greatness. Jones followed the office boy to the inner sanctum.

The president shook Jones' hand warmly.

"My dear Jones," he said, "I must congratulate you on that splendid summing up of the crime situation in the paper this morning. I felt proud when I saw it was one of my own men who had come out so strongly in a challenge to gang rule. Can you lunch with me at the club today?"

Five minutes later, Jones staggered from the office and back to his old familiar desk. It seemed good to be there. It was like an island of safety in the midst of roaring traffic. He was glad to find that the group about his desk had dispersed. After all, there was work to be done, and also, you couldn't hang around the desk of a man who had just had a conference with the president.

With trembling fingers, Jones again turned to page two to find out what he had said. He couldn't remember having said anything. His impression was that a man had asked him if he didn't think it was terrible and he had said it was, but here were his actual words quoted for him, and the sentences moved swiftly and dynamically forward to their irresistible conclusion. He must have said these things, or how would they have known what to put in the paper? Certainly, the shabby, half-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smiling boy who had interrogated him could not have made up this thundering denunciation of the criminal world, and the police laxity which allowed it to continue. Finally, Jones folded the paper carefully and put it away in a drawer. Yes, he must have said these things because they certainly did express his feelings, though he did not realize they had been quite so strong. But when you came to think about it, why shouldn't his feelings be strong? Why shouldn't he HURL DEFI TO GANGS? Hadn't he escaped death by a miracle?

MECHANICALLY, he reached for his hat and inspected it. He hadn't had a good look at it heretofore. Certainly, the paper had not exaggerated when it said, "The bullet missed his brain by a hair's breadth." He put the hat on his desk thoughtfully and attacked the work lying before him. As he went on, the one remaining doubt slipped from him. He had feared the thought of talking to these big business men. He knew, if only by hearsay, the sort of men with whom Van Grundt lunched at his famous club. But why should he be afraid? He would proclaim to the word that he wasn't afraid. He would keep the appointment wearing his bullet scarred hat.

Now the tabloids very often get sensational news first, but no matter how dignified the other papers, when a story gets big enough they must fall in line. A gang shooting and the miraculous escape of an innocent bystander may or may not be real news to papers specializing in stock reports and major financial transactions. But when a man, by a simple speech at luncheon, rouses a great financial club to a pitch of high indignation, and from being a typical Wall Street nobody suddenly is created chairman of the Committee of Investigation of Crime Conditions for the Five Boroughs of New York, that is news for any newspaper. Inside of a week, the man with the bullet hole through his hat became the best known figure in the financial district. The bullet scarred hat flew bravely like a flag of defiance up and down the narrow canyon of Wall Street. Clubs of intense selectivity and power vied with each other in the efforts to hear the rousing call to arms from the lips of the man who had for one instant passed into the very valley of death.

Somehow it was strange, but only the secretaries who corresponded with him really thought of Jones as Mr. Jones. Inside of ten days, he had become a symbol to New York, and yet it is doubtful if a thousand more people knew his name then than had known it before the momentous shooting. He became a complete symbol. He was The Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat. So true was this, that when a brilliant cartoonist showed Father Knickerbocker roused to action and wearing the bullet scarred hat perched flauntingly on his grey locks, no one found it in the least incongruous, least of all Llewellyn Jones. To himself, he was only a symbol.

EVEN his work at the bank had changed. He was now vaguely connected with the Public Relations Department and, as Mr. Van Grundt said, "Who could do more for our mighty organization than this man who is devoting himself to the purifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cation of our noble city?" There had been long sustained applause from the other diners on that brilliant occasion and Jones himself had bowed his head in simple dignity. He was thoroughly in accord with the feeling expressed.

But while the absence of important news may cause the newspapers to continue playing up one man and one story for several weeks, as they did in this case, there is nothing in nature which will keep a very pale pearl grey hat from getting soiled. One must also remember that this hat was not just a mere headcovering for the street, but a symbol passed from hand to hand a hundred times a day, "a holy relic in the war for civic purity." A prominent club woman had called it that when introducing Jones at the annual luncheon of the Woman's Civic Purity League. On that occasion, the hat had passed through four hundred ninety-seven hands, the odd number being accounted for by the fact that Jones himself never touched his hat except with his right hand, and in these days when he took it from his head the gesture was, somehow, in the nature of a salute.

So at the end of the third week Jones suddenly realized that the hat had lost its beautiful pearly quality and had become so soiled that the bullet hole barely showed at all. He was glad when he noticed this at home one night, because his reception at a large dinner in the Bronx that evening had not been as enthusiastic as he had expected. He had been listened to deferentially, to be sure, but the applause had been too definitely led from the speakers' table and he was conscious of the fact that a woman in one of the first rows of tables was saying his speech along with him. Nobody had even suggested passing the hat around, and while he had always pretended that this act of fetish worship annoyed him, tonight he had been worried by its absence. He had come home in a bad humor, but as he studied the hat now closely, a smile crept over his face. The explanation was so very simple. The hat looked old and tired. It was just a hat. There was a hole in it, but one could also have a hole in one's hat simply from prolonged wearing. The solution was obvious. He must get a new hat at once. He went to sleep contentedly, thinking how silly it had been to worry.

The next day was Saturday and another beautiful Spring day, not quite so astonishing now, but still thrilling with its promise of golden summer. About eleven o'clock, one of the junior clerks came to the rather elaborate office where Jones' desk now stood and asked him if he wanted to "go in on next week's baseball pool." He had declined graciously, as was his manner now, but the incident rankled. It was the first time he had been approached familiarly by one of the clerks since the shooting. Through the past few weeks their deference had been obvious. Also, he had looked through three newspapers this morning, looked through them carefully, without finding any mention of his speech at the Bronx banquet. One of the papers did carry a story on the banquet and one of the speeches was reported at length, but his name

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merely appeared among those who also spoke. He pulled his watch from his pocket and then replaced it with a nervous gesture. Yes, the solution was simple and the sooner he got a new hat the better. For the first time since his connection with the bank he left before closing time for a purely private reason.

The smiling clerk at the shop greeted him joyously and reminded him that he had sold him the hat which had become so famous. The clerk fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"Who would ever have thought, sir, how important that hat was going to be? I almost feel as if I had some part in your fame. Now what can I do for you, sir?"

Jones smiled faintly. This was a little more like it.

"You may give me an exact duplicate of the hat I'm wearing."

THE clerk handled the headpiece with due reverence, and in a moment had placed in Jones' hand a shining, new, very pale, pearl grey hat. It looked almost shell-like in its absence of color. The clerk drew back triumphantly.

"That looks splendid, sir. You'll like it after wearing this so long in order to rouse others to a sense of duty. Now what shall I do with this? Shall I box it for you?"

For a second Jones was silent. Then, "You may keep it," he said and quietly walked from the store.

The clerk's overwhelming gratitude flowed after him through the open door and into the flooding sunlight. He walked to the nearest subway and went directly home.

For the first time in weeks no one pointed him out in the subway. There was no child to say in an awed whisper, "Look, Mummy, that's the Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat." For the first time in weeks Jones felt alone in the midst of the crowd, as he had in the days that now seemed so far away. And he didn't like it. The old happiness was gone. He was glad when he closed the door of his apartment behind him and shut the world outside.

FOR a long time, he sat moodily in his big arm-chair. There was no doubt that the hat was the cause of it all. To have a new hat was in no sense of the word enough; it was the bullet hole that had made him famous. Without a bullet hole in this shiny new hat, he was once more merely L. Jones. For a minute or two, he closed his eyes and faced the prospect squarely. For a minute or two, he saw himself clearly as he had been, and then he rose from the chair very slowly, very quietly and walked to his desk. From the drawer he drew a small automatic, glancing as he did so at the carefully worded permit on which it had rested. He remembered having bought the gun during a burglar scare and remembered placing it on top of the permit in the desk drawer so that, should it by chance ever be discovered, anyone would see immediately his right of possession. He had never fired the weapon, to be sure, but the clerk had showed him at the time how simple it was, and if it was simple to protect yourself against an intruder, how much easier then to shoot a bullet hole in a hat.

He held the hat in his left hand and the gun in his right, but somehow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that didn't seem to be the way to do it. The hat had been on his head when the bullet had pierced it. It must be on his head again when this bullet pierced it. He must again experience that strange, indescribable feeling as he escaped death. During the intervening weeks he had forgotten that emotion and he must recapture it.

Quietly he put the hat on his head, walked to a full length mirror so he could hold the gun in just the correct position and pulled the trigger. The report rang out deafeningly.

When the German janitor led in a policeman fifteen minutes later, they found Jones crumpled on the floor with a bullet in his head.

Reporters rushed again to put the Man With the Bullet Hole in His Hat on the front pages.

The police dismissed the case as suicide while of unsound mind.

In cleaning up the apartment, the German janitor found a new, very pale, pearl grey hat that had rolled under the sofa. He tried it on and it fitted. But when he rushed downstairs to show his wife, she said: —

"That's no good. There's a hole in the front."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legal Reform Is at Hand

The worn, old machinery of Justice is being oiled and greased

By Richard Lee Strout

It is the history of most great popular outcries against abuses that they do not reach their height until the movement for reform is well under way and the abuses themselves have begun to abate. In America today, outside probably of the disputed question of Prohibition, and closely related to it, there is no single issue over which more people are more indignant than lawlessness. There is a sincere and deep conviction among important elements of the community that the matter has reached the point where reform is essential to the preservation of national morale. There are plenty of people who proclaim that lawlessness must be overcome or else lawlessness will overcome the nation. Probably these people do not really believe that the country is going to the dogs, no matter what stress is put on the question for purposes of emphasis. Admitting that the matter is serious, but considering it in the light of the history of similar emergencies in Anglo-Saxon countries, it might be deduced that the pendulum has swung about as far as it will in the direction of the abuse, that the time is about ripe for the counter-thrust of gathering popular indignation and resistance, and that finally, again judging by the past, a discerning observer should be able to detect signs, about now, of reform, before the real outburst of popular clamor has reached its height.

Whatever the truth of the theory, the fact actually is that several powerful and well-directed movements for modernizing and simplifying the whole juridical process of the nation are now under way, making the outlook for improvement brighter than at any time in the past twenty-five or fifty years. The movements are converging on the same goal: a fundamental reform in the machinery of justice comparable to that in England half a century ago, which resulted in giving Englishmen what is probably the best criminal law system on earth.

The movement in America in several respects has striking parallels with the earlier development in Great Britain, chief of these being the fact that both systems were originally the same. The thirteen Colonies left the mother country when the English legal system was at its worst. England was experiencing a chronic "crime wave," courts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and enforcement officers were inadequate, and the customary desperate expedient had been taken of making up in severity what the law lacked in effectiveness. At the time of the Declaration of Independence there were 164 capital felonies provided by law. Henry Fielding told of cartloads of condemned carried to slaughter at the end of every six weeks' court term:

> They go in batches of ten, fifteen, or twenty; laughing boys, women, with children at their breasts, highwaymen decked out in gay clothes for this last scene of glory, men and women drunk, cursing, or praying. All make a halt at the hospital of St. Giles in the fields, where they are presented with a great bowl of ale to drink at their pleasure as to be their last refreshment in this life.

In 1833, according to Lord Bowen, a "poor little boy of nine who pushed a stick through a broken window, and pulled some painter's colors worth two-pence . . . was sentenced to death for burglary."

THE result of these severities was "a conspiracy of mercy." Juries refused to convict. Every legal quibble was winked at by court or counsel to avoid the bloodthirstiness of the laws. It was the era of technicalities. The thirteen Colonies revolted, took the technicality with them, took the amazingly complicated system of courts and overlapping jurisdictions, and then for the next half century proceeded to make them worse. And oddly enough, because America was a rural nation up until recent years, the courts managed to get on moderately well!

Not so in England. Back at about the time of the American civil war there started a movement against the insufferable delays and red tape and complexities of English justice. The movement was expressed in popular resentment led on by the great novelists of the period, though probably it was fundamentally the expression of an economic development, as the growing industrialism of the compact nation broke the shackles of an obsolete legal system. Many of us recall the diatribes of Charles Dickens in *Bleak House* against the "Circumlocution Office" and court delays. As early as 1851 a commission under Lord Denman began the revision of English codes of procedure; by 1873 the great Judicature Act had passed, and shortly thereafter England emerged with a modernized court system that has been followed, down to the present, by a declining crime rate that is at once the envy of Americans and the pride of Britain.

IN A word, the tendencies seen in America today are similar to those which forced legal reform in England. The movement comes fifty years later, but to a large extent that is attributable to the slower urbanization of America, which, combined with the country's size and its forty-eight separate State jurisdictions has continued a situation that only recently has been recognized as well-nigh intolerable to the social and economic life of the country. Newspapers and popular periodicals have begun in recent years to storm over court delays, ineffectual police, tardy justice, too frequent jury trial, and the like. This is the preliminary to a movement for reform. What has not been clearly recognized is the extent to which practical and far-reaching improvements have already been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effected, or are now being put quietly under way.

Let us take the matter of the so-called Judicial Council as the first illustration of what is going on in the way of reform. The general public is even yet hardly aware of the meaning of this phrase. It is an adaptation to American conditions of the English principle of organized administrative power and responsibility. In most American States there has been, until recently, no single, central authority exercising a continued expert scrutiny over court conditions, ready to make recommendations to bring them quickly into harmony with the changing times. Individual courts, instead of this, have been pretty much laws to themselves.

THE beginning of this movement was the creation of the Conference of Senior Court Judges, generally known as the Federal Judicial Conference. As its name indicates, it began in the Federal courts. Back in 1921, when the bill setting up the conference was pending in Congress, William Howard Taft explained the system as follows:

> It is the introduction into our judicial system of an executive principle to secure effective team-work. Heretofore each judge has paddled his own canoe and has done the best he could with his district. He has been subject to little supervision if any. Judges are men and not so keenly charged with the duty of constant labor that the stimulus of an annual inquiry into what they are doing may not be helpful. With such mild visitation he is likely to co-operate much more readily in an organized effort to get rid of business and do justice than under the go-as-you-please system of our present federal judges, which has left unemployed in easy districts a good deal of the judicial energy that may now be usefully applied elsewhere . . . This executive principle of using all the judicial force economically and at the points where most needed should be adopted in every State, and when adopted will offer a remedy to a great deal of the injustice by delay that now exists. State judges, as well as federal judges, should be interested in the adoption of this federal measure as a model for the States.

THE plan instituted in the Federal courts has spread into the States, as Mr. Taft forecast; meanwhile its usefulness in the Federal system has increased. Last September, Charles Evans Hughes, in behalf of the Federal Council, asked Congress to give the body increased power so that it might recommend legislation from time to time relating to court matters. He announced likewise that two of the Federal Circuit Courts are holding their own annual conferences, with other similar organizations expected. The judicial council over which Mr. Hughes himself presides meets once a year and its members are the individual senior judges of the ten Federal Circuit Courts.

Twenty States, all told, now have some form of Judicial Council, New Jersey being the latest recruit. They have all come into being within the past seven years. Furthermore, strong movements are now under way in thirteen other States to start Councils, with the prospect that half the States of the nation will have them by the end of 1931. They are reorganizing the entire court system of some States; centralizing authority, instituting modern practices, cutting out red tape. *The New York World*, before it died, ran a series of articles describing the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work of the Massachusetts' six-year old Council, and the writer decided that such an instrument in New York would have forestalled the morass of inefficiency in the lower courts, which resulted in the present magistrates' scandal.

The first report of the New Jersey Council illustrates what these bodies can do. It was made to the Governor last December, and included statistics on litigation within the State since 1920, a similar study of court congestion, and set forth a re-statement of the *Fundamental Rights of Litigants*, pointing out the direction in which litigants are now being deprived of such rights by present court delays and inefficiencies. It is significant that the "fundamental right" given first place is the right of speedy trial.

SECOND in importance only to the Judicial Council movement in the process of modernizing and simplifying America's legal system, is the newly completed model Code of Criminal Procedure prepared by the American Law Institute, backed by such jurists as Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, John W. Davis, George W. Wickersham and the like. The Code took five years to prepare, runs over six hundred pages and its completion entailed multiple revisions by a brilliant voluntary group whose expenses were met by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The Code covers the procedure of every step in a criminal trial, eliminating red tape, modernizing archaic methods, and cutting corners to simpler practices. A number of States have already adopted sections of the Code to replace outworn procedure held over from Colonial times.

One specific instance of the changes to be effected by this Code probably tells more than pages of generalities. Suppose a Chicago gangster, for example, kills a man and is arrested — he comes straightway into one of the most archaic legal systems that there is on the face of the earth. With a clever lawyer he may very well find some gap in the net of the law. Let us center attention on the single matter of the indictment — this extraordinary document, as still used in Chicago, is an instrument of many typewritten pages. A slip in any of the antique expressions may mean a mistrial — possibly escape for the murderer. Here is a fragment of the ancient verbiage, in which the Grand Jurors charge,

> . . . That one James Murphy late of the County of Cook, on the twelfth day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-three, in said County of Cook, in the State of Illinois aforesaid, in and upon the body of one Joseph White in the peace of the people of the said State of Illinois then and there being, unlawfully, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said James Murphy a certain pistol, commonly called revolver, then and there charged with gunpowder and divers leaden bullets, which said pistol he the said James Murphy in his hand then and there had and held then and there unlawfully, feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off, to, against, towards and upon the said Joseph White . . .

WHAT ancient nonsense! Out upon such phrases as "charged with gunpowder and divers leaden bullets!" They date back straight to Tudor times, and have no more place than matchlocks and wooden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sailing ships in an airplane era! Yet the murder indictment goes on in that strain at length, and any failure to cross a "t" or to dot an "i" would bring serious consequences. The courts are dogged in their determination to uphold the ritual, and State laws have welded them to the system so that they could not bend from their rigidity, in many cases, if they would.

WHAT has this to do with the new model Code of Criminal Procedure? Simply that the latter proposes a substitute form, already in use in some jurisdictions, that turns all the foregoing rigmarole into the following, simple, single sentence:

"The grand jurors of the County of Cook accuse James Murphy of murder, and charge that on July 12, 1929 he shot Joseph White." And that is the new indictment!

England has used such an indictment for years. The simple form is successfully used in certain American jurisdictions, some of which have abolished the cumbersome machinery of Grand Jury indictment altogether, and employed an alternative form, also recommended by the model Code, of a direct "Information."

To the above simplified instrument of indictment, may be appended a brief statement of facts, including time, places and names, if necessary. Supplemental to this, the court may require a bill of particulars, that can be filed and amended as the hearing proceeds. Nothing could be simpler.

This is an example of the kind of transformation which the new Code can work and already is working. Though it was finished only within the year, it has already been held up as a yardstick against Codes of five States which have adopted sections from it, while in eight or nine other States committees are at work on proposals for change which would adopt certain simplified expedients from the new Code. All this, it must be emphasized, has come within a year, with indications that the effect of the model Code will eventually be nation-wide. Probably no State will adopt the full Code, but as time goes on, as legislatures become aware of existing inadequacies in their system of criminal trial, they will have some alternative to turn to which has been compiled and backed by the best legal talent in the nation.

BESIDES the Judicial Council and the model Code, there is now under way the first official survey ever undertaken of the whole machinery of American justice. This survey is being made by the Wickersham Commission. Ten far-reaching and correlated studies are going forward which, it must be emphasized, have nothing to do with the study of the dry law. It is the first stock-taking of the process of American justice, approached from the national standpoint, and although it is yet too early to say definitely what its ultimate effect will be, there is reason to believe that it will be of greatest importance. The general public has bracketed the Commission with the single subject of Prohibition, and has paid very little attention to this other side of its work.

These studies range all the way from an estimate of what crime costs the nation in dollars and cents, in a study being made under the direc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Judge Paul J. McCormick called "Cost of Crime", to the matter of "third degree" methods by the police, and also of court efficiency, in which latter study the Yale Law School is actively coöperating. In the final analysis it may be that the work of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement will be more important than the other two movements for reform previously discussed, for it is laid on a broader basis, and is supplying a foundation on which all future work must be built. America, for example, is the only great nation today without an adequate system of criminal statistics. This lack will probably be filled by proposals from the National Commission. Its studies of courts, penal institutions, trial processes, police and the like will be basic, and will open new avenues of approach to the whole crime problem.

THIS, then, is a general picture of three broad movements simultaneously under way for the improvement of American legal processes. They are backed by competent authorities and in themselves offer great hope for the modernization of the machinery of justice. But these developments do not tell the whole story. Here and there over the country, newspapers and magazines are sending up a steady chorus of complaint over the delays and inadequacies of criminal justice. It is the expression of the popular resentment which is pushing the whole reform movement along. In many individual States independent studies are being made. The newly created Johns Hopkins Law Institute is making surveys in Maryland and Ohio. In New York a bill sponsored by Governor Roosevelt has been pending for two years for a commission to undertake a State-wide survey; and the scandal in connection with the magistrates' courts is likely to bring action on the measure shortly. Other States have undertaken, or propose, similar action.

AND finally there is the economic pressure for reform which comes from the most effective force in the nation today, business. It was the business and industrial element of England which forced through the modernization of court processes there. American business is forcing through improvement in legal processes here, not on humanitarian or social grounds, but purely on the selfish, dollar-and-cents ground that it must free itself from the wasteful delays of an outworn and ridiculous system. One of the ways it is going about this reform is the simple and direct method of establishing an alternative to the court, and a substitute for the lawyer. The process has already brought wails from the legal fraternity, and more real interest in the abolition of ancient abuses from that professional group than have been manifested for many years. Work previously done by lawyers, including everything from drawing a will, collecting bad debts, transferring realty, down to organizing corporations, is now being performed by trust companies, banking corporations, title companies, adjusters, collection agencies, notaries, realtors and corporation organizers, who have shorn the licensed attorney, it is declared, "of most of his protected privileges with the possible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exception of that of appearing before the courts." Leaders of the bar are warning that this is only the beginning, and that if the law is not modernized and simplified, the process may go further. Alarmed, in some States, lawyers have appealed to legislatures to restrict law practice to lawyers, and the Supreme Court of Idaho has actually held that the drawing of wills and trust agreements by corporations is in contempt of court.

Meanwhile, men like Charles A. Beardsley, president of the State Bar of California, warn fellow lawyers that "the public that gave us the exclusive right to practice law can take it away or modify it at any time; and, in the long run, we are going to retain that exclusive right only so long as we can serve the public better than anyone else." And a writer in the American Bar Association Journal points out that it was an aroused public which forced a conservative bar and Parliament to pass the English reform acts of 1873 and 1875.

"The Bar should take the lead and not be driven," says this writer, Professor Henry A. Shinn, of Mercer University Law School, speaking of legal reform. "It should assume the duty of making the machinery of justice function under the increasing activity of modern society. It should carry the fight against uncertainty, expense and delay. It should oppose the 'unlawful practice of the law' under a banner of reform, rather than under a program of prohibitive legislation, founded upon ultra-conservatism."

Wise words, whether the legal fraternity follows them or not. In any case, the experience of England in parallel circumstances shows that an indignant public can force through reforms even against the will of an obtuse Parliament and a reactionary bench and bar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Reed

By William C. Murphy, Jr.

Pennsylvania's Gift to the Nation

For those who lament the apparently incurable vulgarities of democracy, the United States Senate offers one shining consolation in the person of David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania. That such a man should have reached the Senate at all, is cause for amazed rejoicing. But that he should have been reëlected in his most recent appeal to his constituents by the largest majority ever turned in for a Pennsylvania Senator, offers hope that the rule of a capable governing caste may be in the making after all.

Aristocracies are creatures of slow growth, but all societies produce them eventually. In the early days of the United States, power was concentrated in the landed proprietors. Their reign was cut short by the industrial revolution, which raised up the barons of steel, the dukes of oil, the princes of copper and aluminum, the railroad kings, and the other rough and ready rulers of the turn of the century. The new aristocracy, like the older ones in their beginnings, was an uncouth thing. Its members carried too many reminders of their natal log cabins, too many gold toothpicks; they considered an ornate brass spittoon in the parlor far more essential than a bathroom. But the industrial ruling class has now had time to acquire polish, and the present senior Senator from Pennsylvania is the living embodiment of that progress.

Because he is the product of this evolution Mr. Reed is at once one of the most admired and most disliked members of the Senate. To his plebeian colleagues he is a perpetual puzzle and irritant. How, they ask, can a Senator publicly characterize his constituents as a group of "dunderheads" and then be returned by increased majorities? To some of the more gullible the answer is the power of money. But the Hon. Joe Grundy has at least as much money as Mr. Reed, and certainly spends it more freely for political purposes. Yet Mr. Reed is reëlected to the Senate while Mr. Grundy in the same State goes down ignominiously before the Kingfish of the Loyal Order of Moose. The real answer must be, that the voters of Pennsylvania have decided that traditional democracy is buncombe; they recognize in Mr. Reed one born to rule and they want to keep him in the Senate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps they choose wisely, for Mr. Reed is one of the most conscientious of lawmakers. When he becomes interested in a subject — and he is interested in many — he sets about learning all that can be known about it. That is why very few men in the Senate like to tangle with him in debate. When his cousin, James A. Reed, late a Senator from Missouri, was in the Senate, he never hesitated to take Cousin David on for a few rounds. Cousin Jim usually won the votes, but Cousin Dave was usually right and he was always better informed on details of legislation. Cousin Jim is gone from the Senate now.

The environment in which the Senator from Pennsylvania was born destined him to move forever in a rarefied atmosphere. Through the putrefaction of Pennsylvania politics he travels in a personal aura, entirely unaware of the surrounding stench. To understand this ability one must know something of his personal and family background.

DAVID A. REED appeared on earth in Pittsburgh fifty years ago; December 21, 1880, to be exact.

His father, James A. Reed, generally known as Judge Reed in Pittsburgh, was a law partner of Philander C. Knox, afterwards Senator, Secretary of State, and one of the ablest corporation lawyers in America.

Knox, the elder Reed, and Andrew W. Mellon were intimates in their youth, and they maintained that happy relationship until death broke up the triumvirate. So young David grew up in surroundings where Property was God, Mellon was His Prophet, and Judge Reed and Knox were His Apologists. It is as natural for David to think of Mellon as "Uncle Andy" as it is for Mr. Hoover to appoint commissions.

THE Reeds have been sturdy advocates of the sanctity of Property since pre-Revolutionary days. A family tradition tells of a certain Squire Reed, who was the head man in a squatter community in Pennsylvania, located on land that had been allotted to George Washington as a result of some of the latter's earlier real estate operations. George, it seems, went to Pennsylvania to assert title. He was greeted by Squire Reed, who entertained the future First President, and then a jury of squatters in a court presided over by the Squire decided that Washington's titles were no good. The ability to deal courteously with an opponent while kicking him in the pants is, apparently, a characteristic that can be inherited. Mr. Reed is always meticulously observant of the conventional amenities when dealing with *hoi polloi* in the Senate.

Naturally, young David did not attend the public schools, but was educated privately until he was old enough to enter Shadyside Academy, an institution for the nurturing of millionaires' sons. He was graduated at fifteen and entered Princeton.

It was during the Shadyside epoch that young Reed — he was twelve at the time — made an excursion into journalism, the publication of a neighborhood newspaper. Just what general success he had in this venture does not seem to have been recorded by the historians, but he got out one issue that made him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

famous. During the Homestead Strike, when the late H. C. Frick was battling with the laborers in his mills after the traditional manner of Pennsylvania philanthropists, Judge Reed and Knox were Frick's attorneys. But David, still very young, took the side of the strikers. One sooty day the élite of Pittsburgh were startled by a flaring headline across their neighborhood paper, reading "Frick a Murderer." From a circulation standpoint this edition was a record breaker. Every copy young David could run off on a hand press was sold. Those which had not been purchased by scandalized neighbors before Judge Reed heard the news were bought up quickly thereafter. But, strangely enough, this startling success in circulation-getting did not insure the paper's stability.

AT PRINCETON, according to his contemporaries, young Reed devoted more time to tennis and the Glee Club than to his studies, but he sailed through with flying scholastic colors. It was at Princeton that he formed an acquaintanceship with one of the professors, a Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who later became prominent himself. In fact, Dr. Wilson was attorney for the defense when David got into difficulties by throwing an orange which crashed through a neighbor's window and hit a lady who may be known here as Mary Smith. Mary had David arrested and Dr. Wilson, with grave good humor, called upon the irate lady and arranged to have the charges withdrawn on payment of damages. Then the future President escorted the future Senator to a Justice of the Peace, David having so far recovered his equanimity by that time that he pocketed the warrant for his arrest while Dr. Wilson and the J. P. were unwinding red tape. This playfulness had an embarrassing aftermath, for when David returned to Pittsburgh on vacation the warrant fell into the hands of his mother, who read with horror that her son had been arrested and charged with "assault upon the body of Mary Smith." All the resources of the embryo Senator's fine legal mind were called into play before that was straightened out.

FROM the gay days at Princeton to the World War was a period of crystallization. Leaving playthings behind him, young Reed entered the University of Pittsburgh, where "Uncle Andy" trains his future advocates. By this time David was old enough to appreciate the responsibilities of his station. He got down to work and led his class in Law School throughout the entire course. It is characteristic that he omits any reference to this preeminence in his Senatorial autobiography, where the practice of his colleagues makes modesty a rarity. Probably he sees his record as nothing more than should be expected.

Entering his father's law firm, he moved rapidly. At thirty-five he was "of counsel" for the United States Steel Corporation, when an impious Federal Government sought the dissolution of that sanctified institution. Young Reed's name on the brief may have been intended as nothing more than a generous gesture on the part of his father and others,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but before the case was over he had made a name for himself. The Supreme Court manifested a most disconcerting curiosity as to technical processes in the manufacture of steel and, as it turned out, David was the only attorney for the corporation who could give enlightenment. The Government lost the case.

ONE phase of this period stands out like Bishop Cannon pontificating at High Mass. From 1912 to 1915, Reed was Chairman of the Pennsylvania Industrial Accidents Commission, and he soon became convinced that there should be an industrial compensation law. So ardently did he champion it that the law was enacted, despite howls of anguish from Mr. Grundy and other humanitarians of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association. This was Reed's only public officeholding prior to his translation to the Senate.

The Senator likes to hark back to the Pennsylvania compensation law today, when he is sometimes held up as a property-rights Senator. He can't understand why organized labor should be against him. As a matter of fact, the union leaders have difficulty explaining it themselves, since their card index system shows that his voting record is two-thirds favorable to the measures they have promoted. But he is a protégé of "Uncle Andy," and the agents of the sons of toil feel a bit uncomfortable in his company.

The Reed war record is another strategically placed burr for his envious colleagues. When the latter howl about the rich making wars for the poor to fight, they do not embarrass the Senator from Pennsylvania. The Steel Corporation, his erstwhile client, may have made money out of the war, but Reed helped fight it. He does not parade his war service; in fact his references to it are far less numerous than those of that eminent pacifist, Smith Wildman Brookhart, who likes to tell how he served as a rifle instructor.

Dodging a bomb-proof job in Washington for which he was slated by the guardian genii of Pittsburgh, Reed went abroad as an officer of the 311th Field Artillery. He got close enough to hear the guns, and one story — which he does not tell himself — has it that he acquired a touch of gas. He was an Artillery representative at the Versailles Conference, and then came home to practice law in Pittsburgh. Up to this time he had manifested no political ambitions, but the smoky gods who watch over Pennsylvania were brewing a strange mixture of events in which he was to play a leading rôle.

THE sainted Philander C. Knox died in October, 1921, worn out with the League of Nations fight and the exertions incident to electing Warren Gamaliel Harding to the Presidency. William E. Crow was appointed to fill out Knox's unexpired term until the general election of 1922. But Crow also died in August, 1922. In the meantime, David, fresh from the wars, had been rewarded by "Uncle Andy" with the Republican Senatorial nomination, the equivalent of an appointment in Pennsylvania. When Crow died, David was the logical appointee to complete the filling out process.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then there occurred something that could not have happened outside the domain of the Mellons and Vare. Young Reed knew that his father had nursed an ambition to sit in the Senate. First, the elder Reed had been barred because of his partnership with Knox and the tradition that gives one Senatorship to the Mellons and one to Vare; now he was being blocked by his own son. So David went to the Governor and asked that the Judge be appointed to the Senate. The Judge got wind of this, and he went to the Governor to insist that the appointment go to David. For a week this family Alphonse and Gaston performance went on, until finally "Old Joe" Grundy decided it had lasted long enough. There was a tariff bill in the making in 1922, and Joe wanted Pennsylvania to have all feet in the trough at Washington. Grundy took the position that Pennsylvania Senators should be caught young, so that they could grow old in seniority and attain important committee chairmanships. David was appointed.

ONE of the young Senator's first assignments in Washington was to deliver the customary eulogies of Knox and also of the late Boies Penrose. On that occasion Reed struck the keynote of his Senatorial career.

Penrose, the last of the really great bosses, was too much for Reed to stomach, and the dead czar of Pennsylvania was dismissed with the statement that Reed had known him "very slightly." What he knew of Knox — all laudatory — filled several pages of *The Congressional Record* and included the self-revealing phrase that this elder statesman should be held in high esteem for his "utter absence of any effort to cater to the whim of the moment."

IN THIS phrase there was a prophetic index to what might be termed the tragi-comedy of Reed in the Senate. A paradoxical product of the festering corruption that is Pennsylvania Republicanism, he is like a gaudy butterfly, half out of the cocoon and unable to go further — condemned forever to carry with him this homely reminder of his origin. It is a situation that irks his soul and leads to outbursts of irritation that would imperil the political future of anyone elected where the franchise is taken seriously.

There was the occasion just after the 1926 primaries, when Reed in the open Senate said the voters of Pennsylvania were "dunderheads" because Boss Vare had received the Republican Senatorial nomination over Senator George Wharton Pepper. Vare was ultimately excluded by a self-righteous Senate because some $700,000 had been spent in his primary campaign, while more than twice that amount had been expended for the Pepper ticket yet Pepper sat in the Senate nearly a year after this was known. Vare was a low-brow boss from Philadelphia, while Pepper was a polished High Church gentleman.

During most of his career in Washington, Reed has been in bad odor with the newspaper men who cover the Senate. The blame for this condition is about evenly divided, probably, although it had its origin in the Senator's apparent inability

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to realize that news may be something more than he may like to see published.

On one notable occasion when the Senate had been locked in secret session, wrangling over a forgotten nomination, the afternoon papers published a running story of what happened behind the guarded portals. The next day Reed called for another closed session and read a few riot acts to the Senate. He threatened expulsion for any Senator who might reveal secret business, and exclusion from the press gallery of any newspaper or press association which published such news. He emerged from this secret session to find that the papers had an account of his harangues and threats — and nothing happened.

Another time he threatened dire punishment for one of the large newsgathering agencies if its representative would not reveal the source from which he had obtained a confidential committee report dealing with an investigation of the Veterans' Bureau — and again nothing happened. The climax of his difficulties with the press came after Paul Mallon, of the United Press, obtained and published the secret roll call by which former Senator Lenroot was confirmed as a member of the Court of Customs and Patents Appeals. Spurred on by the ire of a few Senators who had been shown up as voting in secret as they would not have voted in public, the Rules Committee held a farcical *auto-da-fé* for the purpose of trying to force Mallon to tell where he got the roll call. Mr. Mallon merrily thumbed his nose at the committee, and again nothing happened. Everyone was satisfied, apparently, except Mr. Reed, who got up in the Senate and ascribed Mallon's refusal to the workings of "the so-called ethics of a so-called profession."

The reaction to this was such that on the following day a notice was posted in the Press Gallery asking the correspondents to assemble in Reed's office for a discussion of "journalistic ethics." Mr. Reed was honestly trying to find out what all the fuss was about, but the implications behind the invitation only made matters worse, and the proposed symposium was boycotted by the correspondents.

As the result of such incidents, Reed has received less than fair treatment from a large part of the press. There is a widespread inclination to classify him as one who merely carries out the orders of "Uncle Andy" Mellon. It may be true that Mellon put Reed in the Senate, and it is a very exceptional case when the two do not see eye to eye on controversial issues, but for all that, Reed is no messenger boy for the Secretary of the Treasury. They are products of the same school and see through the same kind of spectacles, generally speaking. One notable exception was the occasion when Mr. Coolidge vetoed a bill granting postal pay increases. Postal workers have many votes and the situation was close in the Senate. Mr. Coolidge enlisted the aid of Uncle Andy in an effort to make Reed vote to sustain the veto. But Reed saw things differently; he voted to override the veto; the President was defeated by a narrow margin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Senator from Pennsylvania comes near to embracing the whole field of political science. He is a specialist in such widely diversified fields as foreign relations, immigration, governmental finance, and military affairs.

His latest interest, in foreign affairs, probably dates from his selection as one of the delegates to Mr. Hoover's London Naval Conference. Reed came back from London with a thorough knowledge of the issues involved. He showed that by discomfiting several of the old-school Admirals who sought to convince the Senate committee that the treaty was all wrong on the proposed reduction of eight-inch gun cruisers. Whether the treaty was wrong or not, Reed made the Admirals look silly — because they made the mistake of trying to talk technically over the heads of the committee, only to find that he understood their technical language and could shoot their arguments full of holes.

His half-hour speech explaining the London treaty was by far the best bit of pro-treaty oratory during the entire debate, but he capped it with a bit of tactlessness by offering to show other Senators "in confidence" the secret correspondence having to do with the negotiations. Johnson and other anti-treaty Senators seized upon this opportunity to orate at great length about the rights of the Senate, and the Senate remained sweltering in Washington for several days longer than necessary. To Reed, however, there was no incongruity in the fact that he had access to treaty documents denied to other Senators. He was honestly puzzled by Johnson's outburst.

As Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee and a World War veteran himself, Reed speaks with authority on the national defense, albeit he frequently runs counter to the American Legion on such subjects as the bonus and compensation for injured veterans.

His insistence upon retention of the National Origins basis for computing immigration quotas — a provision of which he was the author — brought him into head-on collision with President Hoover soon after the latter's inauguration. The President wanted this law repealed or its operation deferred, but Reed said no and the Senate sustained Reed. That he won this fight with the assistance of the Ku Klux Klan and other self-anointed savers of the Republic, may have caused him to hold his nose, but it did not prevent him from accepting their help.

As for untangling the intentionally mystifying verbiage of a tariff or tax bill, Reed has no peer in the Senate. During the last tariff fight he was the only Republican who could give clear and concise answers to impertinent Democratic questions. When Reed went off to London in the middle of the battle, Chairman Smoot of the Finance Committee was left floundering with a batch of memoranda prepared by committee experts. Every time a question was asked, Smoot read a memorandum in a whisper.

But that same tariff fight showed up a flaw in Reed's political temperament; namely, a disposition to pick up his marbles when the game

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is going against him. Nearly eight months before the tariff bill was enacted, he was proclaiming loudly that the measure was dead and that it was useless to go on with the battle. All that had happened was that the Insurgent-Democratic coalition had won a few preliminary skirmishes and had taken a few raps at some of the sacred cows of Pennsylvania, pig iron, manganese and the like. Jim Watson, Smoot and the other elders, wise in the ways of tariff-making, sat back and waited for the coalition to shoot its bolt, which it did as soon as the coalitionists began squabbling over a division of the spoils. Then the Old Guard came back and wrote such a bill that even Mr. Hoover apologized for it when he signed it. Furthermore, Reed voted for it — after a three-days public wrestling match with his conscience during which the gullible were led to believe that he was in serious doubt as to how he would vote.

THE Vare case was unmixed gall to Reed. Having denounced his own constituents as "dunderheads" for nominating the Philadelphia czar, it then became Reed's duty to lead the fight for the seating of the dunderheads' choice. He did a nimble and conscientious job of it, but his heart was not in his work. Not that he did not believe Vare was entitled to be seated, but Boss Bill was simply not the kind of person one wants in one's club. And now Reed has "Puddler Jim" Davis for a colleague.

Reed felt the same way about Vare that he did about Penrose when he told the Senate that he had known the latter "very slightly" and let that go as a funeral oration. But, strangely enough, Reed and Penrose were in hearty accord as to objectives; they differed only in methods. There never was a more enthusiastic chaser of patronage for Pennsylvania — as to the worth-while jobs — nor was there ever a Senator from that State who sought and obtained higher protective tariffs on its products than Reed. But Penrose used the family entrance approach; he waddled to the White House and recounted Pennsylvania's gifts of votes and money to elect Republican Presidents, and then remarked, how about that vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission? Usually Penrose got what he wanted, including enough Democratic votes to put his measures through when he needed them. Perhaps Reed does not get quite as much, but neither does anyone else nowadays.

REED operates differently. When he thought Pennsylvania should have a member on the Interstate Commerce Commission, he announced publicly that he would oppose any more nominations for that body until he got what he wanted. Then, when he got it, he recommended a man so closely allied with Pennsylvania industrial interests that the Senate roared and the nomination had to be withdrawn.

Incidentally, for all this bother about a Commissionership, Reed doesn't think very much of the Commission itself.

"If I were a dictator," he is recorded as saying, probably wistfully, "I would abolish the Federal Trade Commission this morning, the Shipping Board tonight, and the Interstate Commerce Commis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion tomorrow. Fussy government meddling in other men's business has brought us to the plain inevitable conclusion that it is time for this country to get back to that self-reliant freedom on which Anglo-Saxons have always succeeded."

On the question of Mr. Hoover's noble experiment, Reed thinks it is what Al Smith would call boloney, but he votes for enforcement measures just the same. He even voted for the famous Jones "five and ten" law, but with mental and oral reservations that constitute a masterpiece of casuistry. As an offering on the altar of public service, Reed no longer serves liquors in his home, but he has never descended to any chest-thumping proclamations of personal aridity.

It is only occasionally that he resorts to clowning, but he can do it well when he tries. When the Daughters of the American Revolution held an annual outlet for misplaced energies in Washington, Reed was an honored speaker. Here is the first paragraph of his speech, as distributed with the imprimatur of the Daughters:

"Madame President-General, My Friends: I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to be able to come to speak to Americans (applause) — to Americans without hyphens (applause) — who know just one loyalty and are constant in that; and I am glad that my own initials are 'D. A. R.'"

Great Heat

By Bernice Kenyon

The air is full of thunder. Miles away
Off to the south I hear the great drums beating
Continuously, their heavy strokes repeating
My own hard pulses through the blazing day.
On the flagged path, and on the brown burnt grass,
Our pine trees print a thin and meagre shade.
I wait in the drowsy house. I am afraid
Of the bitter world and the even sky of brass.

In time the drums will be silent, when the light
Fades redly out across this sandy waste;
Then in the breathless air, all vague and dim,
But never dark — in the unreal white night
I shall go down to the pool, and at its brim
Drink the black water, silver to the taste.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Pre-Phonograph Record

By Albert Payson Terhune

When "ain't" was elegant, and "tea" was "tay"

I MET her in 1893. She had been born in 1810. So at the beginning of our seven-year friendship she was eighty-three and I was about twenty. I called her "Aunt Louise." It was a brevet title, as I was not so happy as to be her kinsman.

She was of ancient New York lineage. President Monroe had been her cleric father's friend and frequent guest. Aunt Louise herself had been educated far beyond the feminine standards of her day. She had even gone to school for a year in France where a relative of hers was United States Ambassador.

A few months after her sixteenth birthday an attack of scarlet fever left her almost stone deaf.

For the remaining seventy-four years of her life she could catch only the vague sense of what was bellowed into her old-fashioned ear-trumpet. Perforce, she held always to the diction and pronunciations which had been in vogue among well-bred Americans in the Nineteenth Century's first quarter.

Her lack of hearing prevented her from adjusting herself to any of the myriad gradual changes in speech which the following three-quarter century brought into being. She talked as she had been taught to talk and as all highly educated folk of her pre-deaf days had talked.

Thus, during seven years of my young manhood I was privileged to listen at first hand to the conversation of a cultured girl of 1826. It was rather more than a privilege. It was a revelation. It was as though a post-sophisticated youth of the year 1997 A.D. should listen to a colloquial phonograph record made by a college girl of 1931.

WITH a queer feeling of disloyalty, I used to jot down her phrases, spelling some of them phonetically and writing their modern equivalents in brackets. I wish now I had done this more fully.

Through her flow of sweetly prim conversation, words and forms of speech of glaring incongruity would crash forth as jarringly as the Venus music invades the Pilgrim's Chorus. It gave me the sensation of watching a dog fight in church.

For example:

"'Tis a plaisure to see you, dear lad, on this inclement afternoon. Take yonder cozy cheer while I ring for a dish of tay. Why, if you ain't shaven off your baird! You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look monstrous well-favored without it. I protest I abhor a baird. 'Tis weeks since you were here. I began to fear me you had desarted your ancient friend. But let that pass. I am obleeged to you for coming at all."

Yes, it reads as though I were using a somewhat soggy imagination in coining that speech. But I am not coining it at all. It is a true transcription of her greeting, as I scribbled it in my notebook not an hour later.

It reads also like a bad imitation of a paragraph from Fielding, marred by a smattering of backwoods dialect words and a splash of stage Irish.

It was nothing of the kind. The speech was eminently correct, even elegant — in 1826. Thus might Aunt Louise's long-dead mother have welcomed young James Monroe or another stocked and tight-pantalooned New Year's caller, when old New York was indeed Old New York.

SHALL we tear it to pieces, this typical greeting of my brevet aunt's? Not its general trend, which can be verified from any Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen page, but the jarring individual words that star and scar it. *Plaisure* and *tay* and *obleege* stand out most glaringly of all; except the natural use of *ain't* on those precise old lips.

In my childhood there had still been a score of aged gentlefolk who said *plaisure*, as well as *maisure* and *traisure*. My mother had told me the pronunciations were deemed ultra-modern in her parents' time. As to *tay* and *obleege*, both words were taken directly from the French, a full century or more before Aunt Louise was born; and had been incorporated as solidly into correct English as have *chauffeur* and *garage*. For one instance of the former term:

> And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Wilt sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea!

POPE was a stickler for exact rhyme. Never would he have committed such an aural crime as that of mating a double *e* with an *ay*. No, he rhymed *tea* and *obey* because in his era and long afterward *tea* did rhyme with *obey*. It was French and therefore polite. Moreover, it was easier to pronounce than most French words.

As for *obleege*, the Rev. James Naylor, arch pedant and ardent champion of verbal preciseness, railed fiercely, at various times in the 1840's, at the slovenly newfangled custom of pronouncing "the excellent French word, 'oblige'" as though it were English. My mother remembered the innovation and the hot disputes over it.

Baird, for *beard*, was an Eighteenth Century Anglicism which a few oldsters of good breeding clung to in my early boyhood and which was common in my mother's youth.

Cheer was an accepted sounding for *chair*, both here and in England, in the first part of the Nineteenth Century. Witness the snarl of the choleric old nobleman in *Trelawney of the Wells* when he saw his actress daughter-in-law sitting on his drawing room floor:

"What, have we no cheers?"

Abraham Lincoln, to his death-day, called a chair a cheer; though by that time moderns had begun to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grin at the olden phrasing; even as they grinned at many another once-correct pronunciation of his.

Then *desarted:* If you are at all familiar with Tom Moore's verse you will recall that Moore had an unfailingly good ear for rhyme. Yet he wrote:

I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him departed.

MOORE would as soon have been guilty of a glaringly false rhyme in his poetry as of a glaringly false quantity. Never would he have rhymed *deserted* and *departed* had not the former word, in his day, been called, universally, *desarted.* Thackeray makes one of his ancients — Major Pendennis, I think — use the same form of *deserted.*

Sheridan's comedies of manners reflected, mirrorlike, the speech of the best people of his age. Says the "fashionable husband," Loveless, after his duel with Lord Foppington: "I hope I hain't killed the fool!"

The elegant Lydia Languish murmurs: "I wonder I ain't heard my aunt exclaim yet."

Hain'ts and *ain'ts* spatter Sheridan's society dialogues, even as they spattered educated Eighteenth Century people's conversation.

Sheridan, along with many another writer of a few decades before and after him, uses in colloquial talk the term, *you was* for *you were*; another of Aunt Louise's slipless slips of speech.

In fine, the best and most up-to-date language and custom of today becomes the backwoods jargon and boorishness of tomorrow. The cause is simple:

John Adams, let us say, came back to Braintree from his British ministry, primed with all the newest phrases and manners of King George's court. Mehitabel Fauquier came home to Roanoke Corners after spending the winter of 1843–44 in gay Richmond. Sophronisba Hancock and her brother, Mather, returned to South Framingham, after soaking themselves for six blissfully improving months in the Boston atmosphere of 1871.

All of them were primed with the newest metropolitan ways. Their rural neighbors stared and listened enviously; took copious mental notes, and set themselves to copy these latest-minute innovations.

In turn they passed them on to their even more rustic acquaintances and to their servants, who continued the neighborhood broadcasting.

SO IT was that the good home-stayers of Braintree, and thence country folk for miles around, learned through John Adams or through Abigail, his wife, that folk of fashion no longer blew upon their tea or coffee to cool it.

Instead (this I myself have read in an early Nineteenth Century American etiquette treatise that belonged to my grandfather), the hot beverage was to be poured into its saucer; and drunk from the saucer-edge; as the mere act of pouring was enough to cool it. Pour, don't blow. That is the latest wrinkle. What else are saucers for? They are not used when cool drinks are served. They are to sip overhot tea or coffee or cocoa from. That is logical.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The tidings spread. At once, within an ever-widening backwoods radius of Braintree, people who claim to be well-bred cease to blow their hot tea. They pour it fastidiously into their saucers and sip as noiselessly as possible from the saucer-edge.

Nobody happens along, presumably, in another decade or so, to tell the farthermost recipients of this news that the saucer is no longer used as a sipping station. So moderns laugh or sneer at the tall timber custom of drinking from saucers; and they wonder how such an outlandishly disgusting trick was acquired.

Back from Richmond and from Boston, Mehitabel Fauquier and the Hancocks bore *obleege* and *cheer* and *desarted* and a host of other bright new pronunciations. The neighbors listened and learned and carried the torch of up-to-dateness still further into the wilderness.

Today we descendants of the Richmond and Boston exponents use those words to lend color to backwoods dialect yarns.

Gay British officers in Colonial days said *ain't* and *hain't* and *you was*, which were parts of London's smart talk. Offshoots of their hearers and copyists are branded as illiterate because their forebears aped slavishly the imported terms.

THE old-time fork had but two tines. A two-tined fork makes sadly heavy weather in the eating of peas and corn and hash and many another non-cohesive form of diet. To relieve this (after eating with the fingers began to be frowned on as archaic and smeary), a wonderful new table knife was invented and was imported into some of the wealthier and more cultured homes in the American Colonies.

Toward the new knife's tip the blade swelled out gracefully into a widely oval platform. Vegetables and hash could be shoveled onto these flat surfaces and thence be lifted to the mouth.

True, the use of the queer utensil required a bit of practice just at first. But it was easily mastered. Children, beginning their dinner-table careers with the use of the platform-tipped knife became experts at its handling and passed the art along to their own progeny.

IN TIME, of course, city folk learned to use the four-tined present-day fork. The dictum went forth that it was no longer needful, nor indeed decent, to shovel food into the mouth with a knife-blade.

But the once novel habit hung on in the backwoods. Urban grandchildren of the colonial knife-wielders sickened at sight of rural descendants of those same colonials using the modern narrow-bladed table-knife as a fork. Once, such deftness in eating with the knife would have stamped the eater as a person of fashionable modernity.

(By the way, at the Choate Museum, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and in several other repositories for colonial relics, you will find plenty of those platform-bladed knives; — and you will wonder at your ancestors' marvelous dexterity in not starving to death in their efforts to eat with them.)

Among other words which the *haute monde's* visitors passed along to their homebody friends — and with which Aunt Louise used to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bedeck her high-bred speech — was that good old dialect standby, *darter* or *da'ter* for *daughter*. It has been the joy of many a writer of rustic tales. Yet it was wholly correct, in the mid-eighteenth century. Witness:

> Lament, ye dames and daughters
> For faithful Mary Ann
> Who hanged herself with her garters
> For the love of a young man!

When that dolorous classic was written, *daughter* rhymed with *garter* quite as perfectly as *Ann* rhymed with *man*.

The antique gentlewoman in *Pickwick Papers* spices her talk with obsolescent terms. She bewails the elopement of her elderly *da'ter*, as might a Tennessee mountaineer.

A FEW more past-age pronunciations from my scrawled notes on Aunt Louise: *Floridy*, *Arizony*, *asafœtidy*, *zeebray*, *gi-raffe*, *crame* (for *cream*).

My mother told me her own grandparents and all their generation changed the final *a* in most long proper names to *y* and that doctors of that day spoke always of *asafœtidy*. (They used to make their patients wear bags of the unwinsome stuff around their necks, too, to ward off infections. The wearers must have been popular table-companions.)

Zeebray and *gi-raffe* were in use by old Jerseymen of good class in my own childhood. Which reminds me that *Jarsey* was another of Aunt Louise's words.

Brander Matthews said in one of his lectures that *Jarsey* was the accepted way of pronouncing the name, in Colonial days; both here and in England. It is a hoarded and hoary term of the modern dialect writer — another instance where a fashionable pronunciation was carried far afield and left to sprout and bourgeon there, while it fell into decay in its native soil.

Crame, of course, comes under the same category as *tay*. Both were taken from the French; and verbal stylists sowed them through the wilderness.

It was the same with *vartue*, in Aunt Louise's vocabulary. English imitators of the French had tried with poor success to give the word a Gallic accent. I can recall more than one old person of fairly good education who still used that term some half-century ago.

Naturally, Aunt Louise had begun life too late and too decently to use her knife for food-stoking. Also, though she was deaf, she had good eyes and knew how to use them. So she did not drink tea from her saucer in the days when I knew her.

Indeed, her manners were as statelily beautiful as was her speech; and without that speech's smatter of outworn words — or rather of words which had long since been relegated to the illiterate.

BUT one or two of those queer words were not passed on to the illiterate or to the rustic. For some reason they had become obsolete in this country, before my time. One of them was *nesh*. Often she used it, apparently to express daintiness or fragility.

I did not bother to look up *nesh*, but contented myself with writing it in my notes. I fancied it was slang of some bygone decade or that she had invented it. Thirty years later,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my English superintendent, here at Sunnybank, said to me concerning a delicate dog of mine which was a bad feeder:

"Treve is nesh. That's what's the matter with him. He's nesh."

That sent me to the dictionary. There I read:

"Nesh: — Easily broken . . . tender or soft; also delicate, weak."

Apparently it was a foursquare and sound word. Apparently, too, it was in common use here in Aunt Louise's early youth and it still works for its living in provincial England.

HAVE you noticed that cast-off words live for generation after generation in the country and never in the city? Apart from *ain't*, there is not a single odd pronunciation among those I have set down here, which is in use in New York or in Boston or in any other metropolis.

Desarted, *darter*, *baird*, *obleege*, *Floridy*, *Arizony*, *Jarsey*, and the rest — in fifty rural districts, today, they flourish. You will hunt long before you hear one of them in town.

In the cities, as fast as the old forms were replaced by new, the new forms were passed along through one circle after another; and the old were discarded. It took longer — much longer — for the change to spread, in the more distant rural regions. Some of them it never has reached.

Within five miles of Sunnybank — within forty miles of New York City, as the crow flies (or as he would fly if ever he visited New York, which he does not) — a race of mountaineers live in the hinterland of the Ramapos. They are known as the Jackson Whites.

They are as primitive as are any Kentucky hillbillies of fiction. They keep to themselves, when they are out of jail. Their talk is much as it was when they drifted to those hills and far beyond reach of the colony laws, some two centuries ago. Every now and then a Sunday paper prints a feature story about them.

As a boy I used to hunt in their territory; and often I fell into talk with them as I went past their cabins. Several of the older Jackson Whites in those days used *housen* as plural for *house* and *hosen* for *hose*; and other suffixes which were pure Elizabethan. Their ancestors had brought this once-modern speech from the old country. Lack of grinding contact with the outer world had preserved it intact.

I MET one of the Jackson Whites on a mountain trail at dusk. He was exceeding drunk and he was singing. Over and over he sang the same verse. It ran:

If life was a thing that money could buy
The rich would live and the poor would die.

I had read that couplet, word for word, in the Columbia Library, not a month earlier. It was in a book dealing with John Skelton, an English poet who lived from 1460 to 1529.

And, in the 1890's, a totally illiterate American mountaineer was carolling those identical words on a Ramapo trail!

When one considers how *hosen* and *housen* and a Fifteenth Century socialistic verse have survived intact, in the backwoods, it seems supremely natural that the cast-off

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elegant words and pronunciations of the seventeen hundreds and early-and-mid-eighteen hundreds should live undimmed in rustic dialect; and that they should have come to me in pristine freshness from a woman who had been deaf since 1826.

So it has been, doubtless, from the beginning of the world. The Hittites of the hills carried on the outworn pronunciation of Jerusalem, for perhaps a century after the capital had forgotten it.

Either the Hittites or a like band paid with their lives for mispronouncing the word, *Shibboleth*. Probably, in calling it *Sibboleth*, they followed a once-fashionable custom of the metropolis.

Yes, so it has been from the beginning of the world. But so it will be no longer. Today and forevermore, the radio and its successors will carry to every remote hamlet and farm the year-by-year changes of accent and of wording. The shepherd in the back reaches of Saskatchewan can learn thereby to keep up-to-date in his English.

Especially if radio announcers can be taught to speak such English.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russian Market

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

Is It Worth Cultivating?

Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, head of the consulting engineering firm in charge of the $110,000,000 Dnieper River hydro-electric power development, said recently that American business men are neglecting the greatest potential market in the world. A modest estimate would, in his opinion, indicate the possibility of annual exports to Soviet Russia of not less than $1,000,000,000. Curtain!

Next scene: Secretary Stimson reiterated a few months ago that the United States will not recognize Russia before that country acknowledges its debts to the United States, gives assurance that it will make proper indemnification for confiscated American property and ceases to agitate the overthrow by revolution of the American Government; the last of these points being considered the most important. Curtain!

Third Act: Chairman William E. Borah, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "The Russian trade is there. Someone is bound to enjoy it. In spite of anything we may do the Russian trade will go on, the only thing we may accomplish is to turn it into other channels than those of the United States. We may succeed in sending it to other countries, but we can not destroy the market itself." (An interview with the United Press.)

Fourth Act: The American Iron and Steel Institute filed, on December sixth, with the Customs Bureau a brief in support of its contention that there should be no finding of "dumping" in connection with importation of manganese ore from Soviet Russia.

Fifth Act: Replying to this brief, the American Manganese Producers' Association insisted that Russian ore should be barred.

And so on *ad infinitum*. From the report of the "Fish Committee" with its findings about the use of forced labor, about the application of dumping methods and other unpleasant factors in Russian trade policy, down the line to the vigorous protest by American manufacturers against withheld recognition of the Soviet Government by the Hoover régime, the Russian problem offers an aspect as complex as it is confusing, of which the above glances give a typical though very much abbreviated impression.

Of course, there are two sides to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this issue, just as there are two sides to anything and everything that happens in life and in business. Unemployment is viewed from different angles by employer and employe. The stockholder looks at the organization in which he is interested from a different point of view from that of the workman with his 70- or 80-cents-per-hour wage. A war is as hotly welcomed and condemned as a horse race, Prohibition as savagely contested as the tariff issue. No wonder the Russian oracle challenges the wisdom of two continents!

THE participants in this large-scale debate have only one thing in common: that the issue can not go unsolved any length of time. The Russians put forward that theirs is a population of more than 160,000,000; that they are in possession of truly gigantic natural resources; that they can turn out goods much more cheaply than any other country since the resources are in the hands of the Government while the workers are paid in cheap paper rubles; that they don't have to bother with labor unions but can employ and send the workers wherever need be, and so on.

"Why not build up an economic empire which not only can compare with that of the United States but excel it?" This is the Soviet hypothesis.

The American onlooker has only a sympathetic smile for such "arrogance." How can they name Russia and the United States in the same breath? Does not this country represent the most powerful economic unit there is in the world today? Is not Russia only starting, her Five Year Plan being scarcely more than two years old and showing only here and there the very beginnings of a domestic industry? Can the Russian worker's wages by any stretch of the imagination be compared with American standards? And how about housing and transportation, mining, welfare and the thousand and one things that make for economic strength and nation-wide prosperity?

The enormous difference in the economic development of the two nations seems to imply that their business policies must necessarily steer in different directions; that the position of the United States is so superior that the latter can well afford to pass with a shrug and a nonchalant gesture over the Russian impudence; that the two nations can nicely get along without each other, one developing and exploiting her strong position on the world market while the other confines her efforts to domestic affairs where plenty of work is waiting.

IS THIS the true situation? By no means! It may seem plausible to a shopkeeper in Alabama, a clerk in Minneapolis or an actor in Hollywood that the United States should leave her hands off "that Red menace" and rest content with the position she has gained in world trade. But it is not possible and does not seem plausible at all to the business man who is looking for more sales of his products abroad. Up steps Sir Henry Deterding, Managing Director of the Royal Dutch Shell group of oil companies, and has this to say, in a special statement: "The whole world is suffering not from overproduction but from underconsumption, not only of oil but of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all commodities. . . . The world's underconsumption is due to a world-wide stagnation of industry and commerce. Almost forty per cent of the world's population has not been able to keep pace with the standard of living of the rest of the world. As a matter of fact, most of them have been reduced to a state of semi-starvation. This is immediately corroborated by the examination of the conditions to which the Communist régime of Russia has brought its 160,000,000."

WHICH brings us about to the bottom of it all. This great nation can not live from the work of office employes, nor are the clerks or the shopkeepers, in the last analysis, responsible for the wealth of the United States. Industry is, and industry will continue to be, responsible for a maintained, an increased or a reduced state of prosperity. It is therefore to industry that we have to look for a solution of the Russian problem. This industry is well-oiled (which is not the important thing); its modernization and its mechanization are making rapid progress (this is not the issue, either); through the replacement of human labor by machines it is possible to produce things cheaper; but at the same time more people are crowded out of jobs and fewer people can afford to buy as much as they used to. And this is the cross-road at which we arrive: manufacturers are turning to the right, while retailers and professional people, mechanics and office workers and men and women of a hundred other branches not directly linked with production and world market problems, are turning to the left.

No matter what the reason may be for the present business depression in the United States, one thing seems by now to be a well-established fact: production is *not* responsible for it. The manufacturers, in their way, have done the very best to improve things, turning out better products and cheaper merchandise, increasing standards of living and making payments as easy as possible.

What more could they have done? If the producer was not to blame, it must have been the consumer; hence the talk of underconsumption. If it is not sufficient to manufacture goods, if they have to be sold in order to make the whole procedure of manufacture and distribution remunerative, then we might as well admit that the selling angle is more important than the productive side — a fact which has long been recognized by economists but which only now, in the last year or so, has proven its all-important significance.

SO LONG as industry is progressing and its output increasing, there will be no need to worry about the country's future. But let us glance at the production and trade figures in the United States for 1930: rayon production declined 58 per cent (from the 1929 figure), automobiles (passenger cars) 41, trucks 30, wool consumption 26, boots and shoes 15 per cent and so on. If industry wants to maintain its present capacity, let alone increase its output, it has to look around for selling possibilities. Naturally, it turns to the world market. Indeed, it has taken up foreign trade for quite a few years because, even in times of prosperity, approximately ten per cent beyond

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the selling possibilities in the domestic market is produced in the United States. The need for exports in a time of depression such as this is naturally much greater.

It is at this point that Russia comes in. Not because she is Russia, but because there are 160,000,000 people living in that country who are in need of the most essential things or, as Sir Henry Deterding puts it, "who are in a state of semi-starvation." India and China are just as important markets but they are not in quite as favorable a position as Russia because of revolutions, the predominance of British politics, boycotts and many other factors.

So AMERICAN industry has gone about the task of developing a worthwhile trade with Russia. There are now more than 2,000 firms doing business with the Soviet Union, 44 of which have contracts to render technical assistance to Soviet organizations. During the fiscal year ending September 30, 1930, the Russian trade organization in the United States, the Amtorg, alone placed orders with some 1,650 firms. Whereas the United States is exporting well over $100,000,000 a year in goods to Russia, a figure which is increasing by leaps and bounds, Russia is sending to the United States goods valued at less than $20,000,000 a year; all of which augurs well for the immediate future of Russian-American trade relations.

Or at least it would speak well for future trade-relations with the Soviet Union, were it not for the fact that the economic considerations which guide finance, commerce and industry, unfortunately run second to politics. They are therefore subordinated to whatever the Government and the political representatives of the people have to say. While manufacturers, exporters and financiers do not care much whether their goods, loans or drafts are paid for in francs, rubles, belgas or pesetas, their outlook being distinctly international, the position of those who steer the ship of state and who represent the people's interests, is, and to a certain extent, must be, dictated by purely national considerations.

So, IF Stalin wants to destroy the capitalistic system by the simple procedure of swamping the world market with cheap goods so that private industry can not succeed any longer with its profit-making scheme, the Government and political leaders of the United States protest against such propaganda. But industry says: "Why, surely, if they want the machines, we can furnish them; if they want credits, they can have them; if they want experts, we will send them!"—A weapon that will turn in due time against the very interests of the American industry? Probably! But then, American finance came to the rescue of German industry right after the war and the subsequent inflation period, enabled it to modernize its plants and factories, to install new and highly efficient machinery and to "rationalize" its production methods. As a result, today this same German industry is one of the most powerful competitors of American manufacturers on the world market.

Would it be downright foolishness for American industry, commerce

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and finance, to go ahead and help Russia? Perhaps it would. Yet, what else could they do? If they withdraw their support and coöperation, other countries will get the business. Russia will continue its march toward industrial independence and so many million dollars worth of American goods will remain unsold, so many American factories will have to cut down their production, so many thousands of American workers will be left with less work or even without any.

We have seen above that increased exports of goods as well as of dollars are a necessity without which prosperity, let alone greater wealth, is impossible. Prosperity hinges upon the wheels and pistons in plants and factories, and greater industrial activity can — under the circumstances — come only out of increased business abroad. If American financiers will turn to the Far East, they will help the Japanese, the Chinese, the British-Indian industries to develop and expand. To protect their young industries, tariff walls will be drawn around these areas. And the generous American investment will hit back twofold: first, in increased competition on the world market; second, in the elimination of large consuming areas through tariff walls and through the presence of a strong domestic industry.

When American capital exports turn to South America as they are actually doing, the South American countries invest the dollar-millions into their large agricultural enterprises. Production increases; the surplus of agricultural products further crowds the world market, and the farmer out in Kansas and Mississippi feels the effect in lower prices, fewer exports and larger stocks. Or let the American banker turn to Europe, and automatically European production rises, with more competition on the world's market, with cut prices and with a tremendous offering of all kinds of goods against a limited demand.

So, why not Russia?

This is, and necessarily must be, the stand of American business. The lever that moves business, the factor which governs business policies, may be called, as simply as aptly, profits. If Russia offers possibilities, business, quite naturally, will favor trade resumption.

Politics, however, judges the issue by a different standard. The Government asks: "How can one dare to help rebuild a country whose very first policy is the destruction of the one helping her?" It is undoubtedly true that the final aim of Moscow is to tear down the Capitalistic system thoughout the world and to replace it by the rule of Communism. Stalin and his associates have admitted that much, if not in interviews with foreign correspondents, at least in their own papers.

But it is also true that the intensity of Communist propaganda in foreign countries has noticeably decreased during recent years. There are three main reasons for this: First, it costs too much to carry on, year in and year out, expensive propaganda schemes abroad, especially since such campaigns, to be effective, have to be launched simultaneously throughout the world. Moscow has found a better way to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

further the cause of Bolshevism, namely the Five Year Plan. What is more simple than to beat the arch-enemy, Capitalism, with its own weapons? Hence the enormous pressure with which the Plan is pushed ahead, with which the 160,000,000 people are deprived of the most essential commodities, with which the exportation of goods is forced — to show the world what a strong Russian industry could do.

Besides, the Communist parties in non-Russian countries have grown so that they can stand on their own feet and can easily dispense with the support of the "Third International." And, last but by no means least, the economic depression reigning all over the world, has come to the help of Communism. It is safe to say that more people are moved, out of despair, hopelessness and lost confidence in our present economic system, to join the cause of Marx and Lenin than could ever be convinced by Moscow's most attractive campaign system.

WHILE these developments are favoring Communism, it is worthwhile to note in which way the actual decrease in foreign propaganda of the Russian government makes itself felt. "Significant of the revised attitude on propaganda abroad," declares the Associated Press, "is the closing of the Sun Yat Sen University, which frankly was a school for the training of Communist missionaries to China. The Stalin University, whose purpose was the education of all foreign students in the tenets of Marx and Lenin, also has been closed, and it is not believed that the Communist party is spending much money on propaganda abroad."

Moscow chooses rather to play safe and catch two flies in one stroke, — first, to develop its own country so that, in the not too distant future, it will be self-contained and quite independent from outside help; and, second, to swamp the world market with such an avalanche of goods of all sorts that prices will fall rapidly. Then, Moscow hopes, the manufacturers in the five continents will not be able to make any profit at all and will be forced to discharge labor in ever greater numbers, with the result that eventually the workers, no longer able to stand the strain, will openly revolt against their governments. This, in the end (so figures Moscow), will lead to the triumph of the Communist cause throughout the whole world.

American business has found it profitable to do business with Russia. Thousands of American firms have definitely decided the issue as far as they are concerned. Other thousands, no doubt, will follow. In the past it has been shown that business somehow breaks through, no matter what the obstacles or what the stand of either government or political parties. The instances proving this theory are as numerous as they are convincing.

Political America certainly was not interested in the quick resurrection of German industry with the generous support of American bankers; yet, the latter went straight ahead without looking either to right or left. Neither does Washington so enormously care for American business expansion in Europe, but American branch plants, American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investments, American business co-operation are spreading rapidly and steadily. And so with South America and the Far East, with Africa as well as Australia.

It may be true that the Government should clear the path of American business abroad. Heretofore, however, the procedure has been exactly the reverse: business has gone its way unconcerned about the cares and worries of governmental or party policies. One is therefore justified in prophesying that Russian-American trade relations will follow the same trend. Sometime in the future the political representatives of the country will recognize the precedent established by business interests, and act accordingly.

Prelude

By Conrad Aiken

This biped botanist, this man of eyes,
This microscope with legs, who turns the seasons
Under his lens, one grassblade to another,
Pursuing god from leaf to spore, and seed
To calyx, all his world become a world
Of chlorophil as green as any greenfly —

With daffodils, mad footnotes for the spring,
And asters purple asterisks for autumn —
Reads the vast page of *idems* and *quem vides*,
Confers, collects, collates, compares, concludes;
And one day walks, his pocket full of seeds,
Into the forcing-bed prepared for him.

Where, like a bulb, he swells, and grows, and thrusts
Inquiry upward and inquiry downward,
To find if light is lighter than the dark,
Or dark less dark than light; to watch the worm
Crawl on small hands and knees between the rootlets;
Or see the sun unfold his flower at dawn.

O peeping god, what secret would you have?
Here on spring's margin sings the daffodil
Such precious nonsense as no god foresaw.
Pick it, dissect and analyze its root:
It is your heart; then laugh, with fool's delight,
That heavenly folly made this world so bright.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Last Friend

By M. C. Blackman

A Story

Above the gentle rumble of well-oiled machinery rose the sound of banging at the tightly closed power-house door. Ed Burns opened the door and peered at the bulky figure indistinctly outlined by the gray light of dawn.

"That you, Joe? Come on in here where it's warm."

"Howdy, Ed. It is kind of sharp this morning."

"Set down over there by No. 2, Joe, and thaw yourself out. I'll be with you in a minute."

Ed shuffled off to busy himself around the dynamo a few minutes. He was a spare little man with slightly stooped shoulders and a thin face. He wore overalls and a greasy cap. A tear in the overalls revealed blue serge trousers underneath. He came back presently and sat down beside Joe.

"You didn't have no trouble getting in, did you, Joe?"

"Not a bit. The warden passed me right in without any argument."

"I figured it would be all right. Guess I got as much right as anybody to take care of my friends."

"Seems like," Joe agreed.

"Trouble is," Ed said dispassionately, "I ain't got any friends. You're about the only friend I got left, Joe."

"Aw, now, Ed, I wouldn't say that."

"I don't kid myself no more," Ed continued, his lean face impassive. "I used to think maybe I could hold down this job and still be like other folks, but I soon found out different. I quit here one time, thinking maybe people would fergit and treat me like a human again."

"I recollect when you quit," said Joe.

"But it didn't do no good. People treated me awful polite, but they was cold and offish, and didn't fool me none. I knew how they was thinking. They was thinking, 'There goes that feller Burns who used to be executioner. I guess it's all right, because somebody's got to do it, but they must be something wrong with a guy that'll take money for killing people.' And they'd pretend like they didn't see me. And if they couldn't get out of passing the time of day, they'd say, 'Howdy, Burns,' and walk on off like they was in a hurry to get somewhere on business."

Joe shifted uncomfortably and looked up at the big boiler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And I couldn't get me a job," the man in overalls went on in the same dull voice. "They was always some excuse, but I knew the real reason, and it kind of got me down. I got work tending the light plant up at home, but it didn't pay nothing to speak of. So I thought, 'What the hell,' and come back here next time they needed me."

"I don't blame you."

"You're O.K., Joe. We always been friends, and I figure we can stay that way. But you're the only one."

"Sure, we're friends," Joe vowed. "I guess I ain't narrer minded. I figure a man's got a right to turn a honest dollar any way he can find to do it."

"I'm glad you come out early, so we can set around and talk some. I got so I don't push in where I ain't wanted, and I git kind of lonesome sometimes. A man ain't got any kith nor kin, and his friends go back on him, he don't have much chance to be sociable . . . Wait a minute, Joe; I got to look at this engine. I'll be right back."

HE HURRIED away, and the visitor sat watching him with a curious expression on his stolid face. When Ed came back, Joe asked:

"How you feel, Ed?"

"Me? I feel fine."

"No; I mean, how do you feel about — about this morning? Don't you feel nervous, or nothing?"

Ed laughed. "I don't let it bother me none. It's just business with me, Joe. I got work to do in here to get ready, and then I go in there, and when the Doc gives me the word, I pull the switch and give him the amount of juice I think he needs. And that's all they is to it. I've done my duty, and I figure I've earned my hundred bucks."

"Just like that, huh?" said Joe, making a gesture with one hand.

"YEAH. I ain't like old man Benson. He was the feller had this job before me. It got so he couldn't sleep nights. Said they'd come and sit at the foot of his bed. Niggers, they were. He never pulled the switch on a white man."

"Niggers," said Joe, "they wouldn't be so bad."

"No, I don't mind niggers."

"But this'n is a white man, Ed."

"Yeah, he's white. It don't make no difference to me."

"I hear you're acquainted with this feller. That just talk?"

"I expect you been hearing plenty of talk," Ed commented, "but it's true I know Charlie Stark, all right."

Joe picked his teeth with a match and said nothing.

"Ain't no love lost between me and Charlie," Ed continued.

"How's that?"

"Well, him and me was friends. That is, I thought we was. We kind of grew up together up there at Hilton. But when I got this job, he turned out like all the rest. He got so he wouldn't hardly speak. And he said things struck me as uncalled for. Remarks about my name. Said my name was fitten for the business I was in. I heard he was calling me 'Hot Seat Burns.' You can see how I didn't like that much.

"But I don't hold it personal against him now," he added. "I hate to see Charlie go like this. Like I hate to see anybody get executed. But I don't aim to let it bother me. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got it fixed in my mind he's just a number, and I'm going to do my duty just like always."

With that he shuffled away to attend to his machinery again. He was gone so long that Joe arose and followed him. Ed wiped his hands on a piece of waste.

"Got her charging just about right now," he said. He looked at his watch. "Only about three-quarters of an hour now until sun-up. That's the time."

"Say, Ed, do you figure Stark done it?"

"He was convicted, wasn't he?" Ed retorted somewhat sharply.

"Yeah, but it was a funny sort of case. I hear they was some politics mixed up in it."

"I reckon they was some politics in it," Ed agreed. "Bud Johnson was a pretty powerful man in Carter county, and Charlie was always pretty much of a heller. The prosecutor had plenty of reason to work for a conviction.

"STILL and all, Joe," he went on, studying his friend shrewdly, "you got to admit it was a pretty clear case for the jury. There was this fight they had and Charlie got licked. And he was popping off about what he'd do to Bud next time. And Charlie was seen coming from towards Bud's house a little while before Mrs. Johnson found the body when she come home from prayer meeting. And then it was Charlie's gun he got killed with."

"Yeah, but the papers said the defense showed Stark left the gun at Johnson's house one time when he was dickering for a trade."

"The defense *claimed* that," Ed corrected. "They never did prove it was so."

"Them lawyers of Stark's didn't cook up much of a case," Joe admitted.

ED CACKLED mirthlessly. "Wasn't enough money in it." He looked at his watch again. "Pretty big crowd out there?"

"They was coming in pretty fast," Joe said. "The warden was keeping 'em all in his office until time for the execution. He let me through, on account of me knowing you."

"Always a big crowd for a white man," Ed said. "Niggers don't draw so many. If you want to, Joe, you can wait and go through the inside door with me and get a place up front."

"Much obliged, Ed," Joe said quickly, "but I'd just as lief go 'round front with the crowd."

"I get you," Ed said without emotion. "Wouldn't look any too well to be hobnobbing with the executioner."

"It ain't that," Joe protested. "I just —"

"Never mind. It wouldn't make me sore if you did feel that way. I ain't sensitive, thank God."

Ed went to a locker and slipped out of his overalls. From a peg he took a blue serge coat and slipped it on. The effect was funereal, and the executioner's friend stared.

"Everybody sort of dresses up for these things," Ed explained. "Even the condemned man gets a black suit. Dying's bad enough without making a man dress for his own funeral.

"We might as well set down, I guess. Plenty of time yet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They sat down before the boiler.

"Listen, Ed," said Joe; "what was that fight about they had before the murder?"

"Well, people said it was a quarrel over politics, but I happen to know different."

Joe sat forward in his chair. "That so?"

"Yeah. It was about a woman."

"A woman! Who?"

"You needn't go repeating this, but it was Mrs. Johnson."

"Johnson's wife?"

"Johnson's wife. She ain't any better than she should be, and Bud was beginning to find it out."

"I'll be damned! How do you know, Ed?"

"I know," Ed said mysteriously.

"Funny nothing came out about it in the trial."

"People didn't know about it, and Charlie and Mrs. Johnson wasn't going around telling it."

"But you knew about it, Ed."

"Yeah, I knew about it, but it wasn't none of my business. I ain't telling all I know when I ain't asked."

ED LOOKED over his shoulder at a window high in the wall. "Getting toward sun-up, all right," he commented. "That's the time it comes off. At sun-up. Sometimes we're late when there's a crowd."

Joe listened impatiently to this digression.

"Ed, I thought they was something funny about that case. Stark shutting up like a clam, after saying he didn't do it. Wouldn't even take the stand, and didn't offer no alibi. They was something kept secret about that case," he concluded excitedly.

Ed said nothing, and Joe went on.

"You know, Ed, I'd kind of hate to pull the switch on a man if I wasn't sure he was guilty."

For the first time Ed showed emotion. "Hell's fire, Joe, I can't be judge and jury and everything else. They send a feller here and say, 'Electrocute him,' and I do it. That's what I'm for."

"But a guy you used to know —" Joe shook his head.

"LISTEN, Joe; I could a helped Charlie and I offered to do it. I went to him in jail up at home and I said, 'Charlie, I can help you out of this fix, if you want me to help you.' And what do you reckon he said? He was already sore about something, and he said to me, 'Get the hell out of here, Ed Burns. All you're waiting for is for 'em to send me up so you can burn me and collect a hundred dollars.' So I said, 'If that's the way you feel about it, you can go to hell.' And he said, 'That's where I'm going, Hot Seat.' That's the way he acted after me overlooking the way he had treated me and offering to help him."

Joe's excitement was growing. "You say you could a helped him. How?"

Ed stood up and clasped his hands behind him.

"Listen, Joe," he said solemnly. "I'm going to tell you something I ain't told another soul. I ain't got any folks to talk to, and I got so I don't try to talk to people any more, on account of the way I know they look at me. But it's been bothering me some, and I'd like to get it off my mind."

"You can tell me, Ed," Joe said eagerly. "I'm your friend."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, in the first place," Ed began, "I figure Bud Johnson killed his own self. That wife of his wasn't much better than a common slut, but he was crazy about her. And when he began to suspicion her and Charlie, he just couldn't stand it. And then he'd lost a lot of money in that sawmill, and it worked on his mind. And it don't stand to reason a murderer would throw down a gun people knew was his, right by the body. The gun was Charlie's all right, but he had left it at Bud's place, like his lawyers said."

"Then you don't think Charlie done it?"

"No," said Ed. "I know he didn't."

"You know it!"

"Yeah. He had a alibi, all right, but he couldn't use it, on account of the person he was with at the time Bud was shot."

"Who was he with? Who?"

"He was with Mrs. Johnson."

"Johnson's wife?"

"YEAH. And that was why he acted so funny. He was waiting for her to come to the front and give him a alibi. But she didn't, and Charlie kept quiet. Charlie's proud, and then I guess he figured she'd deny it. He was playing her in secret, because he's got a eye for pretty women, but he knew how common she was. I bet she's got herself another man already. No, Charlie was either too proud or too smart to count on her helping him."

"How do you know he was with her?" Joe demanded. "How do you know?"

"I seen 'em together," said Ed.

"You did!"

"Yeah. I was coming home from the light plant. I had kept it going half a hour late on account of it being prayer meeting night. I passed by Bud Johnson's front yard, and saw the house was dark. I knew Bud was supposed to be out of town, and I thought Mrs. Johnson was in bed. She'd had time to get home from prayer meeting and go to bed.

"ABOUT a hundred yards past Bud's place," Ed went on, his voice dull again, "I heard voices, talking low. I got so I didn't like to meet people when I didn't have to because of how they always spoke so cool and offish. So I stepped to one side of the road to let whoever it was pass. They didn't pass. They stopped, and I saw it was Charlie and Mrs. Johnson.

"They stood there talking a minute, and then he kissed her. I could see 'em plain. And she went on towards home and Charlie turned back towards town. She always walked home by herself from prayer meeting, and Charlie had been meeting her on the sly . . .

"I stood there a few minutes to let Charlie get a good start on me. While I was waiting, I heard Mrs. Johnson scream. She had found Bud's body. Before I could decide if I ought to go back and see what was the matter, she come flying past me on the run to town. Reason she didn't overtake Charlie was that he turned off at the end of the lane . . . It was there the Harkness boy seen him . . . So Charlie didn't hear about Bud being killed until the sheriff come and got him next morning."

Joe sat with his mouth open and stared at Ed. He gulped twice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And you been knowing this all the time?"

"Yeah. That was what I was going to tell Charlie that time in jail until he treated me like he did. Maybe him being sore at her was the reason he was so short with me. But I didn't feel like forcing no help on him."

Ed consulted his watch again and shuffled his feet in a fidgety manner. "Getting along about that time . . . Going, Joe?"

Joe stood up with determination. "You dam' right I'm going. I'm going get the warden and call up the Governor and stop this execution."

He strode to the door, where he paused an instant.

"And I just want to tell you one thing, Ed Burns. You ain't no better than a cold-blooded murderer. Getting ready to execute a innocent man when you know your own self he ain't guilty. A murderer, that's what you are, and I ain't wanting to have nothing more to do with you."

He walked rapidly away, leaving the door open. Ed closed it, and walked slowly over to his locker. He removed his blue serge suit, hung it carefully on a peg, and put on the overalls again. Then he lighted his pipe and puffed it contentedly.

"They'll be hell a-popping in a minute," he told the softly humming dynamo. He turned a wheel a couple of times. "It cost me the last friend I got," he said ruefully. Then his lean face twisted into the semblance of a smile. "And a hundred bucks," he added thoughtfully.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Yankee's Place in the Sun

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Has New England Lost Its Political Prestige?

"Our New England prosperity and importance are passing away." These words have a strangely familiar ring. More than one lugubrious commentator of the present day might have uttered them. Yet the man who thus unbosomed himself was no contemporary of those who now so glibly deliver funeral orations over the prostrate body of New England, for these words came from Daniel Webster in the third decade of the Nineteenth Century.

But he who uttered this expression of opinion a hundred years ago, as well as the lugubrious commentators of modern times, err in one particular. They compare in a general way the present day New England to what it was in the days of the Founding Fathers.

Yet, whether or not New England shines by that comparison, the truth remains that politically she did get in on the ground floor as far as representation in national politics is concerned. Of the original thirteen States, New England as a group contributed four: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut; and each of the four had two Senators to stand watch over its interests in the national Capital.

Here then we come to the great advantage which is New England's birthright. Although forty-eight States now make up the Union, twelve men still represent New England in the United States Senate, the most powerful upper chamber in the world.

To put it in another way, they constitute twelve and a half per cent of the membership of the Senate, though the population of the States for which these Senators speak is only about seven per cent of our total population. The twelve will be retained no matter how greatly the relative tide of population may have set against New England. She got in on the ground floor, and there she will stay.

The political influence which still belongs to New England is not alone to be explained by the fact that it has twelve spokesmen in the Senate. The character of the representation in Congress has its bearing, too, and there is nothing to be gained by trying to compare their stature with that of their predecessors of old. The soil is not one that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produces a George Norris or a La-Follette. It is the Prohibition issue that has split the Republican party wide open in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and not an insurgent movement of the kind that has brought from the West a troop of "wild jackasses" to worry and torment the Old Guard. Prohibition, after all, is a respectable fight; even in the Republican party, "gentlemen" may be found on either side of it. It is as unthinkable that the voters of Maine or Vermont, New Hampshire or Connecticut, would send a Heflin, a Blaine, a Caraway, or a Burton K. Wheeler to the Senate, as to suppose that Harvard would select as a successor to President Lowell an Alabama Methodist. New England's taste and preference is for men of a solid and conservative kidney, very often of learning and scholarship. Demagogues, it is true, may be found in New England, especially in city politics, as they will be wherever the corralling of votes is necessary if a politician wants to remain in office, but for the practice of the art in the grand manner, we naturally look to other parts of the country.

On the great economic issues, furthermore, — the main bones of contention between New England, and the South and West — the few Democrats in Congress are apt to vote pretty much as the Republicans do. David I. Walsh was the first Democrat sent to the Senate by the voters of Massachusetts since the Civil War. Yet Walsh has more than once deserted his party to vote with the Republicans on an issue affecting the economic interests of his corner of the country. Walsh voted against the tariff bill, it is true, but on all the schedules affecting New England industries, he was a powerful and indefatigable worker. Loyalty to section may transcend that to the party.

In the House, again, the New England group certainly suffers nothing by comparison with those sent by other sections. It has more than its share of men of education, and of scholarship, like Robert Luce and Frederick Dallinger of Massachusetts, both authors of standard treatises on various phases of politics. New England, more noticeably perhaps than other sections, has a habit of sending men to Congress who previously have served an apprenticeship in State legislatures, giving evidence by so doing of its belief that politics after all is a pretty serious business. College diplomas are common among them — Yale, Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, Bowdoin and others. The New England voter shares the conservatism inherent in the section. New men do not appeal to him overmuch; he prefers, where available, a candidate experienced in practical politics. Calvin Coolidge climbed the ladder to the Governor's chair, starting his public career as a councilman in Northampton. His career is typical of the region.

Just as in Boston a stranger at first finds it hard to make friends, but once forged he will find the bonds of friendship lifelong, so the New England voter is pretty apt to stick to his Congressmen, once they have won his allegiance. A case in point may be cited. Connecticut and Massachusetts both elected Demo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic Governors in 1930, yet the Republican House members from these two States were returned, except the veteran Schuyler Merritt of Connecticut, who was beaten largely because of discontent over present business conditions, and George Stobbs of Massachusetts, who decided not to be a candidate again. The man who took the latter's place, also a Republican, was elected, so Stobbs would almost certainly have been sent back to Congress had he wanted to make the race.

PRIMARY fights in New England, as a rule, are not the herculean contests so often staged elsewhere in the country. Members of the Lower House usually have their districts pretty well under control; an upstart rarely makes his get-away. In 1930, the Massachusetts Senatorial primary saw a bitter fight, with Prohibition the main issue on the Republican side. The sitting Senator, Frederick Gillett, however, was not involved, having decided to quit public life when his term expired on March 4 this year. Under the placid skies of New England, primary upsets such as those which sent into private life Deneen of Illinois, and the veteran Simmons of North Carolina, seldom occur. It is the direct primary, more than any other factor, that makes so precarious today the seat of the average Congressman, for the ambitious newcomer, if well-endowed with money, can often turn the flank of the sitting member. Primary upsets occur in New England, but its electorate, still conservative in the main, supports the man in office more consistently than it does in many places elsewhere.

Thus the habit of New England's voter of returning the man in office pushes up his Representatives to the committee posts that are the chief rewards of seniority. This is no small advantage. Both in the House and Senate, the committee room is the real legislative workshop, and by virtue of the same rule of seniority, the chairman is much more than *primus inter pares*. Unless he is a hopeless nincompoop, he runs the show, playing the rôle both of engineer and umpire, and comes pretty near to determining what bills shall be reported to the House.

With seven per cent of the population of the United States, New England holds a far greater number of committee chairmanships in both branches of Congress than the population percentage would lead us to suppose. The House has forty-seven committees, large and small, important or inconsequential. In the last session of the 71st Congress, New England held seven chairmanships. In the Senate, the showing was even better, for there her Senators headed seven committees out of 33. New England, it may be said, would go to the bottom of the heap, if the Democrats succeed in organizing the next Congress, for then Tammany and the South would come into the saddle.

FOR years the West and the South have carried a chip on their shoulders against the section which bred Webster, the Adamses, Lodge, Platt, Aldrich, Murray Crane and many another notable figure in our political history. Behind many a chaffing remark and pleasantry, one can sense a note of bitterness, if not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hostility. The roots of the prejudices are ancient ones, and they are not difficult to understand. The New England industrialist of a couple of generations ago, rich, thrifty and a bit superior, was apt to lord it over his poorer colleagues from the newer sections of the United States. Not only that, but the West and South regarded the high tariff as a sort of government subsidy for these industrialists, a subsidy which the rest of the country paid out of its hard-earned money. The Southerner, for his part, has never forgiven New England for its support of the Reconstruction policy of the Radicals, a policy which was nothing more than political racketeering, the thugs and gunmen of that day being turned loose to rule the broken South. Democrats south of the Mason and Dixon Line have not altogether lost that old hatred of the Yankee. It matters not that Reconstruction is part of history, and that those who occupy the seats of Crane and Aldrich are no richer, and represent no bigger interests than those from many other sections. The Westerner still fulminates against New England plutocracy, and the Southerner still remembers the wounds of the Reconstruction Days. As a result New England has to fight for everything she gets, and as she fights, cohesion and combativeness increase also.

DIGRESSING for a moment into another field, we find that New England's influence on public affairs does not end with the work of her representatives in Congress. Through her colleges, universities and law schools, she sets her stamp on many who rise to high places in the National Government. A century and more ago, New England was the schoolmistress of the nation, and her sons, and later her daughters, went forth into the western communities, as writers, educators, reformers and political leaders. Even then, her children wielded an influence far out of proportion to her population. Today, with a population proportionately less, New England's institutions have trained a surprisingly large number of those who conduct the nation's business, and shape its policies. Harvard is the *alma mater* of Speaker Longworth, and Majority Leader Tilson is a loyal son of Yale, and in the two Houses, there are dozens of men whose academic or professional training were received either in these two universities, or their smaller sisters. Such influence may be intangible, and it may not be susceptible of measurement, but it is there, an impress comparable to that which Oxford has set on her sons, Oxford the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties." The great Puritan colleges still draw men from all parts of the country, and train them for national service.

OUR hasty survey continues: four members of the Cabinet were educated, in whole or in part, in New England institutions — Stimson, Mitchell, Adams and Brown — four out of nine. On the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Hughes received his bachelor's degree at Brown; Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, again four out of nine, have New England sheepskins. Other New Englanders, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men trained there, hold high places in the Government service: Cotton, White and Castle, three of Secretary Stimson's four principal assistants; the Undersecretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills; the two Assistant Secretaries of War, Payne and Davison; Solicitor-General Thatcher; Assistant Secretary of Labor Husband; Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ingalls; Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress; C. G. Abbott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute; Eugene Meyer, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board; Samuel Winslow, Chairman of the Board of Mediation; Commissioner Plummer of the Shipping Board; Sanford Bates, Administrator of Prisons, and George Otis Smith, Chairman of the New Federal Power Commission, and many others.

Of the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission, four out of nine have had a New England training; President Ada Comstock of Radcliffe; Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard; Judge Grubb, of Alabama, Yale '83, and Monte M. Lemann, of New Orleans, graduate of Harvard and its Law School. Looking abroad, the colors of Harvard, Yale, or their neighboring institutions fly over the American Embassies in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Germany, Japan, Spain and Turkey, eight out of fifteen.

ALIKE though they are in conservatism and restraint, New Englanders in Congress are by no means cast in a common mold. About many of them there is a rugged individualism, the exemplification of a frame of mind that nowhere has more strikingly manifested itself than in the revolt of such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island against the Prohibition Amendment. The election of the scholarly Wilbur Cross as Democratic Governor of Connecticut is a sign and symbol of that revolt. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island have risen against the Prohibition Amendment in much the same spirit with which the Minute Men took up arms in 1776 in defense of freedom, and local self-government. It is a fight for personal liberty.

THE New Englander has lost none of his individualism with the passing of time, and it is this individualism that has caused thousands of Republicans, born and bred to the party, to desert that party, and vote for a wet Democrat, solely on the Prohibition issue. In Congress, the section boasts such individualists as George Moses, the mercurial and brilliant Senator from New Hampshire, coiner of the phrase "wild jackasses"; and in the House, George Holden Tinkham, who has been against the Eighteenth Amendment since its ratification, a decade or so ahead of most of his Republican colleagues.

Because as a whole it clings so strongly to the old-fashioned principles of American government, New England's influence in Congress is pretty solidly cast against the Socialistic and Bureaucratic drift of so much of the legislation of the hour. Its face is set against the excesses of government. Through its representatives, it fights Federal doles, subsidies for the farmers, the $25,000,000 food appropriation for the Red

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross, and bills so strongly pushed by other sections to get the Federal Government to contribute to projects on a fifty-fifty basis with the States, such as the building of roads. In line with a trend so marked in that section, Massachusetts rejected the benefits to which it was entitled under the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill, holding that the care of mothers and infants was the proper work of the individual State. One explanation of this stubborn resistance to Federal encroachments may lie in the fact that New England is more thrifty and industrious than other sections, judged by such a yardstick as per capita savings, and because, therefore, it would have to contribute more than its share to subsidize less thrifty and industrious regions. Massachusetts, with but four per cent of the population of the country, pays about five and one-half per cent of the Federal income tax payments. That does not explain it all, nevertheless. Quite as important is the rugged individualism of the New England character, the vitality of State and local spirit, and the general desire to defend the States from the steadily expanding power of the Central Government, and the expansion of the Federal bureaucracy which goes with it.

Curiously enough, though the South fought the Civil War to defend what it thought were the rights of the States, the balance has now shifted, and the South, in alliance with the agrarian West, seeks all the favors and help it can get from the Federal Treasury. New England, in turn, emerges as the defender of the States against Federal encroachments, as champion of the traditional principles of our Government. One Western Senator admitted as much in private conversation with a Bay Stater, a few weeks ago. "You fellows, after all," he said, "are about the only ones left who are willing to fight the paternalistic trend in government." An exaggeration, perhaps, but more than one grain of truth lay in the remark.

Thus New England carries on its traditions of political leadership, and it is a restraining hand which she places on a ship of state that threatens to cut loose from its ancient moorings. Even without a bloc of their own, — such an organization would really serve no useful purpose, might indeed cause opponents to draw together more closely — the eight and a quarter millions of New England play a part in national affairs greater, it would seem, than that of any other eight or nine million Americans. The Yankee is still very much in the running, too much so to render in order funeral services over his political demise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Usquebaugh

By William McFee

Some Thoughts on Preparedness

The most frequent comment now heard among many intellectuals, publicists and leaders of thought concerning Prohibition is that they are sick of the subject, which has been exhausted and worked to death. Recent events in the political field make it worth our while to analyze this opinion, with a view to revealing its fundamental fallacy. It would be possible to show, with a fair amount of plausibility, that the American people have been systematically bamboozled into discussing Prohibition solely in terms of morality, political expediency, church policy and personal liberty. It was a common spectacle a few years ago to see citizens holding forth on their inalienable rights, while grasping in their wavering hands glasses of fruit juice and industrial alcohol, or tossing down potions of synthetic "Scotch" which a Scotchman would not allow to defile his kitchen sink. To the contemplative foreigner there was something almost horrifying in the disparity between the lofty idealism of the drinkers and the dreadful muck they were drinking. And perhaps the American passion for championship records attained its most grotesque and melancholy distinction when Mr. Heywood Broun, after admitting the unfortunate nature of American home-made drinks, bragged that "we lead the world in labels."

The drift of these reflections is towards an examination of our attitude to a problem which has become almost as much of an abstraction as the Stiggins figure in the cartoons symbolizing Prohibition. The American public has become intoxicated, not so much with alcohol as with a vicious blend of an inferio-superiority complex, which has resulted in an almost total blindness as to the basic elements of the dilemma. Desire has outrun knowledge, and ideals have distracted us from any consideration of the future. Rigorous search through the official statements of wet and dry leaders has failed to disclose one simple constructive suggestion for dealing with an ineradicable human appetite. The drys evidently assume the appetite for liquor to be ineradicable or they would not demand Prohibition in perpetuity. Wet leaders, on the other hand, are hypocritical to the last confines of one's patience. If there be one American type more perplexing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the European observer than any other, it is the distinguished creature who is "a leader of thought," an advocate of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, an eloquent panegyrist of personal liberty, states' rights and the futility of sumptuary legislation, but who insists that he personally has no use for alcohol and has never taken a drink in his life.

THE effect of this lofty, patronizing attitude, on the part of our articulate public men, has been to give an air of insincerity to the whole discussion. What would we say of a public man pleading for a fresh-air fund for poor people if he emphasized the fact that he himself never felt the slightest need of ozone? What conviction would we feel on reading the opinions of a legislator on traffic problems if he had spent his life in a hospital chair? The man who pleads for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or an equivalent of repeal, on the grounds that human liberty, or some other abstraction, is at stake, has lost touch with the earth. He belongs, not in a world of real men with digestive tracts and mundane appetites, but in some Valhalla of synthetic legislators, forever passing inane laws for hypothetical majorities.

It is an extraordinary feature of the present state of our discontents that no leader in favor of repeal has pointed out that a modification of the liquor law will be entirely futile, so far as human welfare is concerned, unless it be accompanied by a drastic reformation in the drinking ideals of the public. It is idle to deny that a generation is growing up in the United States which has practically no palate but an impregnable faith in labels. Industrial alcohol has destroyed the former, and national advertising, by subtle inference, has inculcated the latter. In a country which has accepted the proprietary trade-name and label as a guarantee of quality, it is the easiest thing in the world to believe that a bottle, duly sealed and bearing a familiar label, shall contain an authenticated, though illegal, spirit. Even the fact that the distillery which issued a certain label went out of business years ago and therefore the contents must be spurious, is of no avail in this modern age of faith in the printed word. It is no exaggeration to say that the average American's enjoyment of a highball is advanced enormously by the sight, on the tray, of a trick-shaped bottle, with a glamorous Scotch label indicating that the contents are "of great age," though the liquor he is drinking may have come from a column-still erected on a lonely Long Island farm, and may consist of nothing more recondite than raw industrial alcohol mixed with some cut Canadian Scotch and Croton water.

EDUCATION, theoretical in the sense of discriminating between good liquor and bad, practical in being able to distinguish between different kinds of good liquor, is an absolute crying necessity if the American public is ever to achieve an equality with the drinking nations. The object of the present essay is to point out, more in sorrow than in anger, the grievous errors into which the American nation has fallen in regard to the genesis and functions of certain liquors. In the days to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come, when the bootlegger and the alcohol-cooker have gone the way of the leper and the springless ox-cart, this wisdom will be found of inestimable value. We may some day discover Americans who know the difference between ale and beer, who are aware of the peculiar bouquet of Dublin Irish, and who are worthy of a generous three-fingered modicum of the real Glenlivet.

AMERICAN writers with a bias in favor of alcoholic beverages have been singularly unfortunate in their attitude towards the subject. If our legislators and leaders of thought have been fanatically eager to emphasize their own personal dryness, our wits and essayists have concealed their ignorance of genuine spirits and wines by somewhat appalling facetiousness. They have proclaimed a curious gospel that after all it does not really matter what a man drinks. They and our novelists make a loud to-do over old vintages, but it might be a sad error to offer them Johannisberger 1921 in a plain bottle. They are the priests of a religion which believes that gin made in a bathtub is no worse than gin made in Holland, and rum made from molasses in a tin boiler in the back yard is equal to the produce of Cuba's finest distilleries. Grape juices, fermenting in little barrels on roll-top desks in private offices, are seriously offered as adequate substitutes for the matured wines of France and Italy. Drinks manufactured from wild fruits, from dandelions, and from green tomatoes, are solemnly passed round and pronounced "quite good." The destruction of the national palate has proceeded so rapidly that many men and even more women are quite unable to distinguish between Scotch and Irish whiskey except by the label, and prefer a stiff dose of apple-jack, which is simply pure alcohol, to either.

NO POSSIBLE change of heart can take place until this mania for a mere alcoholic kick, which reduces the drinker to a condition of maudlin vacuity in five minutes, has been exorcised from the American people. This leads inevitably to a consideration of what may be called America's contribution to drinking — the cocktail. At the risk of incurring the serious opposition of nearly all the wet forces, it must be stated that the habit of drinking mixtures of sharp fruit juices and industrial alcohol on an empty stomach is so idiotic, so prolific of digestive disorganizations, that no possible excuses can be formulated for it. In England, where young men are tutored by their elders in drinking habits, the first rule inculcated is never to touch alcohol before a meal. A tankard of ale with food, or a half-bottle of wine with one's dinner, is not reckoned drinking in an intoxicating sense. The point is that a gentleman, or an artisan, who is a gentleman when he is enjoying himself, should always start the festivities with a good solid meal. He can then carry his liquor with some semblance of dignity. He can enjoy both food and drink. The American custom, of stimulating the appetite artificially, so that more food is taken than is natural, with a resulting dyspeptic reaction, can have no standing with civilized people. It contributes neither to the sum of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human happiness nor to national health. The look of uneasy preoccupation which is visible on the faces of many passengers who have overeaten of European food after two, three or four vicious Bronx cocktails or nearly half a pint of gin and lemon juice, is due to the inevitable gastric turmoil which those drinks have evoked. The regular reply of such gentry, when invited to enjoy a glass of good spirit, is "Too soon after dinner." But it will always be too soon for the drinkers of cocktails. There is no hope for them. They have bartered their birthright for a mess of industrial alcohol.

THE problem before us, then, is not human liberty or the ethics of sumptuary legislation, but the simple self-revealed ignorance of the public concerning what to drink. Assuming for the purposes of argument that Repeal took place tomorrow, it would find the American nation as pitiably unprepared for amenities as it was for hostilities in 1917. We shall be as completely deluded by the label-printer as we are by the gentleman who has something "just off the ship." There is a story of a janitor who had obligingly supplied some gin to a party on the seventh floor of his building. When a number of hospital cases resulted, he professed incredulity. "Why it was aged!" he protested, "I aged it myself, for a whole week." The statements of distant distilleries will not need to be very subtle to fool that janitor's customers.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a well-known advocate of wine and ale, once offered a rule for drinkers — never drink anything invented since the Reformation. This, he argued, ruled out whiskey, gin and liqueurs of recent concoction. Unfortunately for his thesis, history shows that whiskey, that is, liquor distilled from grain, is probably as ancient as wine fermented from grape or ale brewed from malt. Julian the Apostate encountered, during his northern wars, "wine made from barley." In early Gaelic the words "*uis gebeatha*," which mean "water of life," were corrupted into "usquebaugh" and latterly into the more familiar word "whiskey." So far from whiskey having come into use since the Reformation, in very early times the Scottish chiefs enacted a rough liquor control in the western islands to reduce the poverty caused by excessive drunkenness. No whiskey was allowed to be exported to those isles, but each man might distill what he wished for his own needs.

IN THE Eighteen Century an English exciseman stationed in the Highlands commented upon the excellent health of the drinkers of whiskey. It gave them "a ruddy complexion, nimbleness and strength, and served both for victual and drink." A chaplain of the Stuart armies before Culloden, lacking wine for the Eucharist, administered it with an oat-cake and whiskey. In fact we may attribute the well-known drunkenness in Scotland, in the Eighteenth Century, not to whiskey but to claret. Judges took their claret bottles with them to the bench. Whiskey in more recent years has been abused to a serious extent in its native land. Rigorous control, facilitated and amplified by the liquor interests themselves, has become

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary to protect the public. One distillery which has its own retail stores in Glasgow provides no chairs or tables, and the barmen are strong enough to throw out any persistent drunks. Only three drinks are permitted to any customer at one time. Years ago on Saturday nights a whole family, father, mother and children, might often be seen wavering gently along the Glasgow streets to their home. Getting tight was a community affair in the closes of Scotland's cities.

IT CAN not be too emphatically laid down that all such folk, including even the poet Burns, have no conception of the true enjoyments of a fine blended whiskey. Burns, indeed, was remarkably like the gin-and-orange-juice gentry of 1931 New York. All he wanted was a sudden savage kick into an inebriated unconsciousness. He was not, in the true connoisseur's sense, a drinker at all. He was a soak, with a farmhand's craving for the fiery Kilbagie of the Lowland stills.

Modern whiskey, as we know it, or would like to know it, dates from 1823, when an act was passed in London legalizing all stills over 40 gallons, and imposing a duty of two shillings and threepence per gallon of proof spirit. Home distilling was abolished, though it continued to produce "poteen" in the bogs of Ireland. Smuggling, which had assumed dimensions as large, comparatively, as in the United States today, practically vanished. Expert distillers took up their trade in regions proved by experience to produce the best whiskey. Chief among the requisite ingredients is the water employed.

Here we may mention that the word "liquor" as used in America is entirely unprofessional. To the brewer and distiller, "liquor" is the water he uses in his business. In their early stages the manufacture of Scotch whiskey and English ale is identical. Both require barley malt, germinated on a malt house floor, so that the starch has been partially converted into sugar. It is then dried in the kiln. Here we come upon the first mystery of the whiskey craft. A genuine Highland whiskey has its malt kiln-dried with a peat fire, which gives it a mellow smoky flavor unattainable in any other way. There are fanatics who maintain that whiskey is improved by having a peat fire under the pot still as well, and there is the undoubted fact that the slow equable heat generated by such a fire will produce a more gentle and regular flow of vapor through the worm condenser.

AFTER the malt is dried it is milled and mixed with warm water from the burn outside. A burn on one side of a Scotch glen will give a poor whiskey, while that on the other will become celebrated. This is not a fanciful fiction, but a commercial fact. Distilleries have been completely moved to take advantage of certain waters. And the great breweries of England are ranged along the Trent at Burton solely because of the incomparable qualities of Trent water. Beer made in London breweries, which draw their water from wells sunk into the chalk below London clay, is a harsh, thin "bitter" compared with the full-bodied ales of Hertfordshire and Suffolk.

Whiskey is distilled twice, but in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different stills. These vessels are made of copper and their shape is of paramount importance in producing a good spirit. The second operation results in actual whiskey by specific gravity, and a portion called "feints" which is returned to be added to the next batch of "low wines" from the wash-still.

Scotch whiskey, thus produced, is a colorless fluid. The genuine article is now stored in sherry casks, whose wine-saturated staves not only give whiskey its color, but also absorb many of the insoluble impurities. In those casks it should remain at least eight years. The word insoluble should be emphasized because it is quite otherwise with the soluble impurities. On these latter the qualities of good whiskey depend. It is they which distinguish a genuine pot-still malt whiskey from the product of a patent still.

WHAT is known as a patent or column still was invented by an Irishman, one Mr. Aeneas Coffey, to speed up the production of cheap whiskey. The barley malt liquor passes down through the first column over a series of perforated plates. A rising jet of steam carries the alcohol over into the second column, where it descends over cold plates and collects at the bottom as alcohol. This is the accepted method of producing commercial alcohol. It is the method by which "whiskey" is manufactured for American consumption, colored by caramel matter and bottled immediately. The most credulous consumer may pause next time he examines a suspiciously ornate bottle with its greased cork and shiny label, and wonder whether he is competent to pass on the merits of whiskeys when he is so easily confused by the "genuine" article. Simple souls have been discovered "aging" whiskey in bottles, which has no effect upon it whatever. Indeed, whiskey left in the casks over fourteen years is probably hopelessly spoilt. It becomes, in trade phraseology, "slimey."

THE point about industrial alcohol made in column stills is, that like most things scientifically manufactured by quantity production, it is all the same. There is nothing to hope from it save the inevitable befuddlement and headache. It cannot be blended any more than cleaning fluid can be blended. The coldly chemical nature of its genesis has given it no character at all. As the Scotch say, it is sexless. We have therefore to dismiss it as not suitable in itself for human consumption. Until the American drinker stipulates the elimination of industrial alcohol from his beverage philosophy, he can never hope to understand the true delights of whiskey. Indeed, he may just as well remain under Prohibition, because repeal without legislation to control spirituous manufacture would merely flood the country with an ocean, where now we have rivers, of the industrial fluid.

At the present time the distilleries in Scotland number about one hundred and thirty. Yet there are nearly four thousand proprietary brands on the market. This apparent paradox derives from the art of blending. Practically no whiskey is bottled unblended and all the rarer bouquets and aromas can be traced to the expert blender. It will be seen, there-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore, how long and perilous is the path by which good whiskey is obtained. Granted that the best Scotch barley has been used and all malting skill employed in preparing it for the mash, and assuming that the still-man is a past master of his craft and knows exactly the moment to cease drawing from the worm, we have no guarantee that our whiskey will prove a mellow and gratifying beverage. We have to depend upon the integrity of the blender.

BY BLENDING must be understood the mixing of different "single" whiskeys into a form more suitable for distant markets. Previous to the introduction of blending was the vatting process. Many Americans may wonder just what the words "old vatted Glenlivet" mean on a label, and if they hazard a guess they will probably be completely wrong. To begin with, the word "Glenlivet" is geographical rather than proprietary. Twenty-six distilleries use the word in some form or other to describe their product. A map of Scotland with the distilleries marked shows a thick cluster of them in Banffshire, where Cairngorms looks down upon the Glen of Livet, which runs into the Avon, a tributary of the glorious River Spey. And a vatted whiskey is produced by mixing the whiskeys which have been distilled in the same distillery at different seasons of the year. The purity of the water, the age of the malt, and the atmospheric conditions all modify the resulting spirit.

Blending, on the other hand, consists of uniting the virtues of different stills, and the connoisseur may produce for his own pleasure the blend that suits his palate. A small gallon cask made from wood impregnated with sherry, fitted with a spigot so that it is never more than half empty, may be employed by one who has the patience, the knowledge, and the opportunity to practise this hobby. But for most mortals it will be necessary to trust a reputable house.

IT IS doubtful whether any American palate has ever taken kindly to the unblended malt-whiskeys of the Highlands. The surprise on first encountering such a beverage in the cellar of a tavern in Aberdeenshire, remains one of the present writer's most vivid memories. The peat smoke flavor is unmistakable. There is a full-bodied vigor, a strongly masculine authority, about such a drink which seems to account for much of Scotland's history. The decadent English constitution requires something less robust for daily use. Perhaps the most satisfactory blend of all is one based on a Glenlivet with Lowland malts and smoothed by a slight infusion of grain whiskey. This last has no sex, no character of its own. As Aeneas MacDonald in his masterly treatise on the subject remarks, the Lowland malts are catalysts to form a union between the pungent Highland produce and the sexless, neutral grain whiskeys. Professor Saintsbury declares that grain (patent-still) whiskey is only fit for drunkards and for blending, but he will find few with the fortitude to follow him.

The education of the American public to believe that the only object in drinking is to get drunk has been very thorough. Legislation directed towards improving the beverages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

available has been non-existent. "Bourbon-oil," at one time added to rye whiskey to improve its appearance, consisted of fusel-oil, potassium acetate and sulphuric acid. Moreover, the national vice of standing at a bar and tossing down neat spirit at one swallow was fatal to any just appreciation of a fine spirit. The very word "shot" has passed into the language as meaning a drink, as if there were some sinister parallel between refreshment and suicide. As a matter of fact, murder has been done upon the drinker's palate by this uncivilized custom. At the risk of antagonizing the wets once more, it must be insisted that only ale should be quaffed. Wines, spirits and liqueurs are to be sipped and savored. Mr. Aeneas MacDonald, in his work already mentioned, gives an admirable description of the behavior of a connoisseur in the presence of a new and untried whiskey.

"TAKING a small wine glass, preferably one with a generous belly and a narrow rim, let him warm it slightly with his hand and then pour in a little of the whiskey. Having assisted the process of evaporation with a gentle rocking motion of the glass, let him snuff the vapor at the rim. It should be mild and yet potent, round and 'warm,' with no trace of the objectionable acridity of raw spirit. Then he should take a sip — only a drop or two — and allow it to remain in the mouth for a few moments. There ought to be no harshness in the liquor's assault upon the palate; 'kick' only indicates a young or badly-mannered spirit. It should be gentle, with nothing of that 'mineral' taste about it which causes all but hardened and careless drinkers to shudder a little and contract the facial muscles; and it ought to possess a smooth, elusive and varied flavor in which it is difficult to distinguish a dominant constituent. Having performed this operation, the experimenter should add some soft water to the remainder of the spirit and drink thoughtfully. . ."

THESE are wise words. Added to what he calls "the selective, ennobling processes of time and absorptive wood," such discrimination on the part of the drinker results eventually in augmenting the sum of human happiness. It will also aid him in discovering for himself the essential qualities of his future purchases. He will no longer gaze with uneducated awe upon elaborate labels bearing vague misinformation. He will know that a bottle bearing the name of one distillery only on the label is almost certain to be a fake because no whiskeys are bottled without blending. He will insist on knowing the age of the youngest element in the blend. He will ignore "fine liqueur whiskeys," because the phrase means little beyond a higher percentage of alcohol, which has no bearing upon its beverage quality. And he will prefer a cork to a patent top because that material absorbs the last of the irrelevant alcohols left over from the cask. And he will be aware that whiskey, unlike wine, cannot mature in bottle.

Enough has been said to show how tragically inadequate are the average citizen's ideas upon the subject. It is a theme essentially æsthetic rather than moral or political. As our younger generation emerges

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the intellectual stupor which seems to have afflicted it since 1920 and which distinguishes the Synthetic Decade, its curiosity is bound to awake. It may suddenly sound the tocsins and raise the banner of revolt against the chemical abominations of our time. And in the event of a return, in the future, to the principle of personal responsibility in the arts of life, an enlightened public opinion will demand, as the sinister figures of the bootlegger and alcohol-cooker fade from view, some guarantee of intelligent integrity from their successors.

In These Places

By Anne Zuker

There is a place of white sands
Faintly ridged by the drift of winds.
There we may watch
The timeless undulation of waves,
Ceaseless and more enduring
Than our own heart beats.

There is a little hollow in the hills,
The brown hills
Patched with yellow mustard,
With love-in-a-mist and blue sage:
There, bedded in wild barley,
We may listen
To the soft blethering of the wind
As the cloud flocks pass over us.
We are steeped in the sun and the wind.

There is a forest of silver firs
Whose branches rise in whorls to form
A green and dripping umbrella
To shelter us from summer rain.
The fragrance of firs
And the dripping of the rain!

The slow movement of earth
Tides through our bodies,
In these places we may find escape.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wood-Folk

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Two of the three great carnivora, whom our forefathers feared and fought, the panther and the wolf, are practically extinct in our Eastern States. Yet in 1697 the General Assembly of West Jersey enacted a law under which a bounty of twenty shillings was to be paid to "whatsoever Christian shall kill and bring the head of a panther before any magistrate of any county of this Province." Negroes, Indians and Atheists received only half that sum.

The panther, cougar, puma or mountain-lion, for they are all one and the same animal, has an uncanny habit of following humans, apparently more from curiosity than with any idea of making an attack. One of my friends, who was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, remembers that his father was followed by a panther as he was driving home late one night. The great cat screamed at him from the underbrush close to the road and frightened his horse so that the latter ran away, whereupon the puma followed him for some distance, crashing through the brush with long, swift leaps.

The bay lynx or wild cat and the fox will also follow humans, and at times come quite close to them. I remember once when walking through a bit of wooded lowland, I suddenly turned quickly to follow the flight of a bird and made a red fox who was stealing after me not six feet away, run for his life. Another friend of mine, while walking through Seven Mountains, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, suddenly became conscious that he was being followed by something or somebody. Doubling on his trail he hid behind a big pine and found that he was being shadowed by a big bay lynx, which dived into a thicket and disappeared when he found that he was discovered.

I remember once when a boy — it was several years ago — that I was positive that I had encountered a panther. I was coming home past the Half Moon Lot on the family farm in the northwestern corner of Connecticut. Suddenly from over by Boundary Elm, a vast tree which marked the corners of four farms, I heard an appalling screech which I instantly diagnosed as the scream of a panther, having carefully studied such great authorities on wild-life as James Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid and Harry Castlemon.

Not having with me a rifle, a tomahawk, nor even the long, keen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hunting knife with which all the heroes of the above writers were invariably armed, I was somewhat at a disadvantage. However, I did not lose my presence of mind. Realizing instantly that flight was what the situation required, I flew — at least I do not remember touching the ground until I crossed the bridge over the brook a quarter of a mile away. At the time I considered that I had had a very narrow escape. Later on, however, I learned that what I had heard was the screech of a red fox.

Twice or thrice in a lifetime one may hear that scream, undoubtedly one of the most sinister and unearthly of all wild animal notes. The sound is as rare and dreadful as that screech of the wounded horse which frightened even Hawkeye and Chingachguch. Not long ago a naturalist friend of mine in the Berkshires told me that one night a fox screamed and all the neighbors in his little hamlet locked and barred their doors and windows and spent most of the night on guard against the unknown terror which had visited their village.

THE last time that I heard a red fox was on a fall night while several of us were camping in the wilderness on a botanical expedition. One evening a friend and myself followed a dim path through the woods to a bluff above the stream which showed a dusky silver among the shadows. The white mist rose up to meet us like a ghost, and below we could hear the faint splashing of a deer crossing the stream. Then, so distant that it seemed like a pinpoint of sound pricked through the stillness, came the hoot of a great-horned owl with its doubled second note, as he hunted here and there for rabbits among the clearings.

Suddenly the silence was broken by an appalling scream. Although I recognized it instantly — how could any one ever forget it? — my muscles jerked and twitched at the sound, and my friend, although a veteran naturalist, gripped me so tightly that his finger-prints showed black on my arm the next morning.

The howl of the wolf, the screech of a bay lynx, and the shriek which a horned owl sometimes gives, are all weird sounds, but none of them can surpass the scream of a dog fox.

THE scream of a real panther, however, equals it, as I learned last year, when exploring the Okefinokee Swamp, which covers six hundred square miles between Georgia and Florida. The week before I entered the Swamp, a seven-foot panther had been shot on the far side of the great marsh and I had been warned that its mate was probably prowling among the numerous islands which are hidden in its depths. One evening while coming back from the far end of the island on which I was camping, I suddenly heard a high, wailing cry, far down the trail along which I had come. Then the sound dropped to a lower pitch with a gurgling note running through it, rose again to a mad screech, and died away in a rasping, snarling note of stark menace.

"Like a woman having her throat cut with a dull knife," was the way one of my guides afterwards described the sound.

When the scream was repeated for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the second time, although it was much nearer, I assured myself that there was absolutely no danger and that it would be the height of folly for me to run. My reasoning convinced my head absolutely, but my ignorant and emotional legs sprinted down the trail at a record breaking clip for a middle-aged man, and it was with a sense of great relief that I reached the camp without having any closer acquaintance with that "painter," the name of the great cat in the Swamp.

LIKE the panther, the wolf is gone forever from most of our Eastern States, yet every village has some legend of that long-time enemy of man. Only recently I found in my great-grandfather's journal a record of hearing a wolf howl over in Black Swamp near Litchfield, Connecticut, while every summer on my way to Cornwall Hollow in that same State I pass Wolf Rock, a vast granite boulder beside the road, beneath which is an arched hollow bedded with dry leaves where the Indians used to sleep when following the hundred mile trail which passed close to the rock. On the top of the boulder is a flat space covered with polypody fern. It was there in the twilight that my great-great-grandmother once saw a gray wolf seated with his head on his forepaws looking down at her as she passed by on the road to the Hollow.

That other member of the trio of fierce beasts with which our pioneer ancestors contended, the black bear, still lingers in the East. Not so wise as the wolf nor so fierce as the panther, yet he has outlived them both because of his caution.

"When in doubt — run," is the motto of the wise black bear. As for the unwise — they are dead.

A bear can hear a hunter a quarter of a mile away and scent one for over a mile if the wind be right. He may weigh three hundred pounds and be over two feet wide, yet he will slip like a shadow through tangled underbrush without a sound. He will dig up and eat the bulbs of the jack-in-the-pulpit, which affects a human tongue — I speak from experience — like a mixture of nitric acid and powdered glass. Moreover, the black bear and the black cat or fisher, are the only two mammals which can devour the porcupine without being killed by its quills. The dog, the Canada lynx and the wolf have all tried — and died.

The first flurries of snow mean bedtime for the bear. He is not afraid of the cold, for he wears a coat of fur four inches thick over a vest of fat of the same thickness. He has found, however, that rent is cheaper than board.

ONE of the rarest adventures in woodcraft is the finding of a bear hole where a bear sleeps safe from cold until spring. The last one of which I have heard was found in the Pocono Mountains. Some friends of mine were shooting there in November when their dogs started up a bear on a wooded slope, which popped into a hole under an overhanging rock. As it thrust its head out of the aperture, I regret to say, my friends shot it. Then they explored the hole which it was preparing for winter quarters. The place was beautifully constructed. The entrance was under an overhanging

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bank shielded by bushes, and it seemed incredible that so large an animal could have forced its shoulders through so small an opening. The burrow was jug-shaped, widening and sloping up beneath the ground, with a dry shelf dug in one side which was covered with layers of dry leaves and a big blanket of withered grass. In the top of the bank a tiny hole had been dug, which opened out in some thick bushes and was probably an air hole.

Just outside of the entrance the bear had piled an armful of dry sticks, evidently intending, when it had finally entered the hole, to pull them over the entrance and entirely hide it.

ONE of the Connecticut bear stories which I heard as a boy had to do with the exploits of great-uncle Jake, who fought through the Revolution. It was Uncle Jake who made General Putnam get off his horse into the mud and give the countersign. It was Uncle Jake who shot the Hessian who used to stand on the earthworks and make insulting gestures toward the Continental camp. Again it was Uncle Jake who broke his way out of the Hulks one stormy night, swam ashore, and made his way back to Cornwall, bearing the news of the death of his best friend to the latter's widow, whom he afterwards married. After the war was over he settled down in Cornwall and took up hunting as a hobby, and killed an unbelievable number of bears among the twenty-seven named hills which are to be found in Cornwall Township.

One day in early March, when he was coming down Pond Hill through the snow, he suddenly sank to his waist in a drift, and as his feet went through a layer of leaves he stepped on something soft which began to rise beneath him. The next moment Uncle Jake found himself rushing down Pond Hill astride a big black bear — riding bear-back, as it were. The situation had its difficulties, for he did not want to stay on nor yet, on the other hand, did he care to get off. Finally, however, being a man of great resource, he managed to draw his hunting-knife and kill the bear with one dextrous stab through the spine at the base of its head. This anecdote illustrates the danger of investigating bear holes during the winter season.

CURIOUSLY, one of the wood-folk which was practically extinct throughout southern New England has come back. Neither my father nor my grandfather ever saw a wild deer in the northwestern part of Connecticut, yet during the past ten years I have met at least a score of the northern variety of the Virginia deer in and about Cornwall.

One morning at sunrise, from an early train, I saw as we swung around a sudden curve a magnificent buck surprised while drinking at the Housatonic River. With one bound he reached the bank and then stood and watched with pricked-up ears the rumbling train go by, a picture that stayed in my mind through many a stifling day in the city that summer.

Another time I was walking on the top of Pond Hill with a little girl of mine, who was taking her first pilgrimage there. Anything may hap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pen on Pond Hill. There is the white oak tree where my father shot his first wild pigeon, nor dreamed that the time would come when the flocks of that glorious bird would no longer darken our skies. On this slope I first found growing side by side those beautiful orchids, the purple-pink calopogon and the rose-pink pogonia. Near its summit I saw my first fox and found my first hummingbird's nest, that little jewel casket which is thatched with lichen, lined with thistledown and bound together with cobwebs. There, until a few years ago, stood Hen's Pine, a great tree which old Hen, the slave who ruled my grandfather's farm with a rod of iron, had saved from the wood-cutters. At its base he planned to be buried, with his fiddle, his ax and his whip at his side. On that hill was Apple Tree Spring, where little shells bubbled up under a wild apple tree, and White Birch Spring, guarded by a ghost. One always expects adventures on Pond Hill.

ON THAT day we crossed Sheep's Head, the pasture on the crest of the hill, and my companion climbed up on Tipping Rock, a balanced boulder which always looks as if it were going to roll into Cream Pond a mile below, but it never does. Leaving her there, I went bird's nesting in a patch of near-by woods, and was hardly out of sight when in the far side of the grove a great buck came out. With head and horns proudly erect, he drifted down the hillside like a shadow and passed within six feet of my little girl, who was high enough above the ground to be above the air currents on which a deer depends largely for his safety. It was not until she stretched out her hands caressingly towards the soft nose that his liquid brown eyes caught sight of her. The visitor snorted doubtfully, and then stopped, and the deer and the child looked into each other's eyes until the buck heard me coming out of the woods. Then down the hill he went, clearing bushes and boulders with great, easy bounds, with the white flag of his tail waving behind him. All her life long that little girl will remember that meeting with her wild brother of the woods.

THIRTY miles from Philadelphia, near my cabin in the pine barrens of New Jersey, I find everywhere the tracks of the Southern Virginia deer, which have finer horns and teeth than their Northern brethren, and which wear red coats all winter instead of changing to gray when cold weather comes. Two of them had made round beds in the long, soft, yellow marsh-grass not fifty yards from my cabin last winter.

One picture of this deer always stands out in my memory. I was travelling through the Plains, that curious tract some twenty-five miles wide in the southern part of New Jersey, where all the trees are dwarfed like those in a Japanese tea-garden. Three of us had travelled through dark cedar swamps and along forgotten roads past Mary Ann's Forge, where many of the cannon used in the Revolution were made out of bog iron. Where once had been the roar of furnaces, there was now only the sound of the wind through the low pitch pine trees. We passed a mansion house moulder-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing away in the woods, where once had been great glass works, and the two vast post oaks at Ong's Hat where in the 'Forties had stood a notorious tavern. Only a hollow in the sand showed where it had stood.

Our road began to climb toward a distant ridge of trees, and suddenly in place of a forest of pines, cedars and oaks, before us stretched a rolling plain covered with what looked like bushes but which were really tiny trees. There we found the corema, the Conrad's crowberry, named after its discoverer in 1810 and then lost to New Jersey botanists until found again in recent years in the Plains. We ate blueberries by the quart, and hunted vainly for the heath hen, that lost Eastern variety of the prairie chicken, which we had hoped might still breed somewhere in the depths of the Plains. On the way back at twilight, as our car was careening along a lonely wood road, two red-brown deer sprang up suddenly in the brush not twenty-five yards away. One was a buck with a fine set of horns. He was in such a hurry to get away that he tripped and fell to his knees, while his mate, a wide-eyed doe, stopped to wait for him. Then they both started off again at full speed, only to stop once more and look at the strange, puffing, rattling thing which had aroused them from their thicket. We stopped our car and for a long minute human folk and wild folk stared at each other across the Plains.

Up at Groton, Massachusetts, a friend of mine watched a pair of hounds hunt a doe and two spotted fawns through a great stretch of wooded pasture. The hounds followed by scent alone, and the doe kept the fawns well ahead of her, and whenever they would tire she would hide them in the bushes and circle toward the dogs and double so that it took them a long time to unravel the tangled trail. As the sun rose higher, it seemed to burn away the scent, for it took the dogs longer and longer each time to trace out her tracks. At last, when the little fawns were so tired that they tottered and staggered as they moved, the doe hid them in a high clump of thick fern. Then making a wide double she joined them by a roundabout route. With her beautiful head just showing above the green fronds she watched the puzzled dogs circle back and forth and finally give up the chase.

My last sight of wild deer was on the slope of Cream Hill in Cornwall, Connecticut. Returning home from a long trip, I motored past Half Moon Lot, all misty under a waning moon, and suddenly saw in the lane of light made through the fog by our headlights, three pairs of eyes gleaming green through the mist like incandescent emeralds. I stopped the car and followed the lane through the field, taking care not to step outside of it, until I came within six feet of a doe with twin fawns on either side of her, all three fascinated by the bright headlights. For fully a minute we faced each other before the spell was broken, and my last memory of Connecticut for that year was of their wild, beautiful faces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE Landscaper and a good many others have recently enjoyed a respite from the troubles of the times through the presence in New York of Florence Ayscough, who, with Amy Lowell, did the translations of many Chinese poems for *Fir-Flower Tablets*. Mrs. Ayscough, who knows China and the Chinese language and history as few Occidentals can hope to know these things, has also written a charming book called *A Chinese Mirror*, and has done a biography of Tu Fu, one of the great poets of the famous Eighth Century, which was also the period of Li Po. These two were among the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup; Li Po is said by some to have met his death by falling out of a boat while reaching for the reflection of the moon, the intimation being that he had been drinking. Mrs. Ayscough has made extraordinarily interesting translations of Tu Fu's poems, using a different method for the Englishing of the complicated ideographs from those of Arthur Waley, Shigiyoshi Obata and other sinologues. Her books are published in this country by Houghton Mifflin, and they are not to be overlooked by any one who feels the pull of the Chinese spirit. Despite the terrific difficulties that face the translator, there is much beauty in Chinese poetry, much of the universal spirit, and much of the reflection of a civilization as far apart from ours in its aims and ends as the sun from the moon.

Mrs. Ayscough manages great scholarly attainments without allowing them to weigh down her spirit; there is a freshness and vitality about her personality that makes her stand out in a world where not many people seem especially grateful for the gift of life. She has been known to interrupt a reading of her translations of Tu Fu's verse to run to the window for a look at passing fire engines; Eighth Century China and Twentieth Century New York. . . . What an odd combination, to be sure, and yet if we will go back to Tu Fu, he will be disclosed as concerned with most of the same problems that face us today. Read Tu Fu and Li Po, even if you do not care to pursue the Chinese poets further; they have something to give every civilized person that is not to be had elsewhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Chinese Farm Novel

ODDLY enough, one of the most discussed novels of the moment is also concerned with China, but the China of the present. This is Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth* (John Day, $2.50), a long, solidly wrought and sympathetically done story of a Chinese farmer, Wang Lung, who was a lover of the soil, but who had to contend with the usual calamities that beset the paths of men who match themselves against nature. This is fundamentally a good novel of the attachment between men and earth, for Wang Lung easily attains a universal appeal, but it is also a fine picture of every-day China, painted by a shrewd observer who has no prejudices to interfere with her clarity of vision. The Landscaper was much impressed with Mrs. Buck's first novel, *East Wind, West Wind*, published last year; she has grown steadily since then, and the present book is one of genuine importance. If there doesn't happen to be time to read it this minute, lay it safely away for a little more leisure; it is too good to miss, and too real to lose any of its value merely because it is put aside for a few weeks or months. This is a good place perhaps to mention another book on the Orient, which while it is not fiction, reads as interestingly as a novel, and has the additional advantage of factual truth. This is *The Grass Roof* by Younghill Kang (Scribner, $3.50), the life story of a Korean, a delightful book, filled with the rich stuff of life that transcends all national or racial boundaries. The contrast between East and West is unusually well done and interesting.

No Lack of Variety

WHAT other novels are there to be read, leaving the alluring subject of the Orient for a moment? The range, as usual, is wide; one may learn of the intimate life of Eskimos, or read about Russia before the Revolution, or study the Old South through the eyes of one of its sons, or follow the fortunes of a modern girl. The variety is really almost endless, even if there do not seem to be any masterpieces among the current output. Peter Freuchen, who is a Dane by birth, has written a long novel called *Eskimo* (Liveright, $3), which is the saga of a dying race, the familiar story of a primitive people in contact with civilization and unable to withstand the impact. Freuchen has lived among the Eskimos for years; his first wife was an Eskimo, and he declares she was the noblest spirit he has ever met. There are many harrowing physical details in the novel, and it is undoubtedly longer than it needed to be, but it has dignity and importance, which it attains to some extent through the obvious sincerity of the author. A. Paul Maerker has done the translation and there is a foreword by Rockwell Kent. It is a strange thing, this blighting effect of an alien civilization upon peoples who have worked out a wholly satisfactory pattern of life; one often wonders what we have to offer them in exchange for what we take away.

Novels About Russia

THREE new novels on Russia are at hand, and there is also much talk about Boris Pilnyak's visit to this country, Pilnyak being one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Russians signed up by Ray Long, editor of the *Cosmopolitan* during a recent visit to the land of the Soviets. Two of Pilnyak's books have been published in this country, a collection of short stories dating back several years, and a novel called *The Naked Year*. He is a realist; just what Mr. Hearst's readers will make of his work, unless he changes his manner, remains to be seen. One would hardly pick him as a popular author for America. Of the Russian novels mentioned, one is concerned with the contemporary scene, Panteleimon Romanof's *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* (Scribner, $2.50), a stirring discussion of the plight of gentlefolk under Soviet Rule. A couple is set down in the midst of a crowded apartment house; their struggle to retain the decencies of life make the story. The title is from the cynical remark of a Russian engineer, to the effect that the price of any woman in the country is three pairs of silk stockings. Romanof has also written a remarkable volume of short stories of contemporary Russia called *Without Cherry Blossom*, which has not yet been brought out in this country. It was published last year in England, where the Landscaper had the pleasure of reading it. Of the remaining two novels, Nikolai Gubsky's *City of White Night* (Norton, $2.50), is a story of St. Petersburg in 1910, and concerns itself with one Kanshin's love for two women, Lydia and Katya. It was written in English, Gubsky having taken refuge in England and mastered the language, and it will appeal to those who know and like Russian classical literature; its greatest similarity is with the works of Gogol, since it is filled with humor. It retains the true Russian flavor, and has won high praise from many distinguished English critics. The other Russian novel is Ivan Nazhivin's *The Dogs* (Lippincott, $2.50), which is a story of life on a great estate before and during the Revolution, the break-up of a civilization is told in terms of the fate of dogs of different breeds. Nazhivin is another refugee, a distinguished author in the older tradition of Russian literature.

The Domestic Product

HAVING made these widespread excursions, let us see what there is to be read about our own country. Gertrude Atherton's *The Sophisticates* (Liveright, $2), is a successful take-off on some of our fads and fancies, not a great piece of literary work, but a highly entertaining novel, with a good many shrewd hits. Howard W. Odum's *Cold Blue Moon* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), continues the story of the Black Ulysses of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings on My Feet*, although in the new book Left Wing Gordon is the narrator, rather than the principal actor. Wing tells the tale of an old Southern house, Big House Hall, to a group of laborers with whom he is repairing the place for Northern purchasers; he revives ghosts, sings a few songs, and runs on and on in his curious monologue. The book contains some astonishingly vivid pictures of the ante-bellum South, and the literary method continues to be interesting, but somehow the thing doesn't quite "jell"; there is a mixture of sociology that does not hit it off with the poetical content of the volume. One suspects that it should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have remained a bit longer in the author's mind for clarification and crystallization.

The Landscaper has so often expressed his enthusiasm for the work of Robert Nathan that it may not be necessary to say much about Mr. Nathan's new novel, *The Orchid* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), except to advise its immediate reading. *The Orchid* is the story of springtime in New York — particularly in Central Park — and its effect upon a small group of people, several of them artists of one kind or another. The artists prove themselves practical, and the business people utterly impractical, which is the point of the story, and typical of Mr. Nathan's gently ironical way of looking at life. Of Mr. Nathan's art, it may be said that his reach never exceeds his grasp; he knows exactly what he wishes to do, and does it perfectly. The result has been a series of small masterpieces, such as *Jonah*, *The Bishop's Wife*, and the present volume, not to mention others. His work is not for every one, but those who can enjoy it will be thankful that it is being done in their lifetimes. *The Orchid* is a beautiful book, with the beauty of a well-cut cameo, and the comparison is no sooner made than one realizes the futility of it, for the book has life.

The Seamier Side

It is a far cry from the attitude of Mr. Nathan, who can gird at the faults of our civilization without raising his voice, to the hard-boiled point of view of such grim realists as John Held, Jr., William R. Lipman, and Donald Henderson Clarke. Mr. Held's *Women Are Necessary* (Vanguard, $2), is the bitter story of a girl who falls in love with an artist and eventually becomes a prostitute, a stripped, bare narrative that has power, although it is faulty in its portrayal of character. Mr. Lipman's *The Night is Long* (Washburn, $2), tells the tale of Sylvia Carlotta, a night-club entertainer, beginning with her success on Broadway and pursuing her career backward, a sordid novel, but one that displays no small knowledge of the world in which it is set; the talk sounds authentic, and there is no dirt for dirt's sake, so far as the Landscaper can discover. Mr. Clarke, who started the red-haired *Millie* on her way some months ago, has written another best-seller in *Impatient Virgin* (Vanguard), which is mentioned here for two reasons, first because it contains significant information concerning the attitude of a good many girls of the present day toward sexual promiscuity, and second, because it shows how far we have progressed in treating certain intimate matters with complete frankness. Notice has just been served that several classics are now to be admitted to this country; it would have been too ridiculous to keep Boccaccio out with *Impatient Virgins* being produced at home. There has been a flood of somewhat pornographic novels this spring; apparently some publishers, beset by hard times, have returned to what seems an infallible formula. . . .

Good Short Stories, Too

Other novels of the American scene that are not altogether flattering to our vanity are Frances Ogilvie's *Green Bondage* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), a good first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novel of the tobacco country in Kentucky, which shows a thorough knowledge of the situation; and *Lumber* by Louis Colman (Little, Brown, $2), another good first novel, this time of the lumber worker in the Northwest, and his efforts to make a living for himself and his wife. There are also some volumes of American short stories at hand, including Pernet Patterson's *The Road to Canaan* (Minton, Balch, $2), which contains "Buttin' Blood," one of the best of recent tales of Negro life, along with a number of others of high quality. Mr. Patterson died last Autumn at the outset of his career; he had shown a splendid grasp of the life of the Southern Negro, and would almost certainly have had something to say in novels if he had lived. Octavus Roy Cohen's *Lillies of the Alley* (Appleton, $2), is another collection of stories in the familiar Cohen vein, purely formula stuff, in which punning titles play a large part, and bearing no relation whatever to Negro life or character. The Cohen book is worth looking at for the sake of the rhapsodies on the jacket in which Mr. Cohen is hailed as the great depictor of Negro character, praise which he would probably be the first to scorn. He is a highly successful manufacturer of what the public wants in the way of Negro stories, and is about as deeply imbued with knowledge of the race as Amos 'n'Andy.

A Novel of the Gypsies

Those readers who enjoyed Lady Eleanor Smith's *Red Wagon* last year will find her *Flamenco* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), an even better novel. Lady Eleanor, who is the daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, has two principal interests in life, circuses and gypsies. Her first novel was about a circus, her second is about gypsies, *flamenco* being the Spanish word that means gypsy-like — of or pertaining to gypsies. If an aside may be permitted, the word has a curious history, for, as might be suspected, it is connected with Flemish. When the Spanish armies were finally driven from the Netherlands, they broke and scattered, many of the soldiers becoming idlers and wanderers, living, in other words, like gypsies. They were those who had been among the Flemings; *flamenco* was first applied to them and to their ways, and later to the gypsies. Lady Eleanor's new novel tells the story of Camila, a *gitana* from Andalusia, the daughter of Lobo, a gypsy chieftain. Camila is sold to Richard Lovell, an Englishman, and eventually becomes the storm-center of the family, the cyclone of passion involving Lovell himself and two sons. The story itself is excellent, the characters well-drawn, and the gypsy-lore authentic; altogether a distinguished and interesting novel, and a further revelation of a considerable new talent in English fiction. And a fit companion for it is *Fay's Circus* by Katharine Susannah Prichard (Norton, $2), the story of a small travelling circus in Australia done with fidelity and readability. Miss Prichard wrote *Coonardoo* a season or so ago.

This does not exhaust the available supply of fiction, but other matters must be attended to. It may be well to note that George Moore's latest novel, *Aphrodite in Aulis*, is now available in an unlimited edition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at $2.50, under the Brentano imprint; it is hardly the best thing its author has ever done, this story of classic Greece, but its beauty of style will comfort those who enjoy a mastery of words.

Conditions in America

AN UNUSUALLY large number of books with direct bearing upon the existing state of affairs in this country is available just now and many more are in prospect. This is to be expected, for even when we were sailing along with every inch of canvas set and drawing back in 1928–29, there were those who did not think all was well and hesitated not to say so. Now that we are hard aground, it is natural enough for the Jeremiahs to get busy. An optimistic book, on the whole, however, is *The Quest for Social Justice, 1898–1914* by Harold Underwood Faulkner (Macmillan, $4), which is the latest addition to a splendid History of American Life. There are to be twelve volumes when the set is finished; seven are now available, although the chronological order has not been followed, Mr. Faulkner's book being Volume XI. It is a history of the struggle for social justice in all its phases, a struggle that has not been without its important victories; at least, we have come a long way from the time when materialism seemed likely to swamp us altogether. This volume, like its predecessors, is history from the human interest angle; it may be read with pleasure, or used as a textbook. Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox are the general editors of the series of which it is a part.

Cheers for Marx

NORMAN THOMAS'S *America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy* (Macmillan, $2.50), is a Socialist's plan for this country to find its way out of existing difficulties. The answer, in brief, is, according to Mr. Thomas, a planned economic order, somewhat along the lines of the Russian scheme. Consumers must be organized, producing masses must be organized, citizens must be organized politically, and everyone inspired with Marxian ideals. A large order, it would seem, but Mr. Thomas is worth reading; he seems far more important to some of us as a human being than the principles he advocates. There are those, the Landscaper among them, who shudder at the thought of more organization, more mass action — what the country really seems to need is a lot of first-class hermits. The thoroughly Thorovian notion that the individual is the beginning-point of all reforms cannot be overlooked; an honest society can only be made up of honest individuals, and honesty begins at home.

In case Mr. Thomas's book isn't enough to send your blood-pressure soaring, read Louis Adamic's *Dynamite*, published by the Viking Press, and a history of industrial violence in this country, written by a man who has collected much of his material at first hand as an itinerant worker. Mr. Adamic believes that American workmen are turning to Communism, leaving Socialism completely out of the picture. He prophesies serious labor troubles in the United States during the next decade unless Capitalism produces men cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able of dealing fairly with the situation. His principal remedies are a twenty-five hour week and higher wages. There is a lot of good stuff in this book, disagree with some of it as we will; it would not do any harm if every large employer of labor in the country read it and pondered it.

More Praise for Socialism

ANOTHER volume on somewhat the same general subject, which advocates Socialism as a relief for our ailments, is *Your Job and Your Pay*, by Katherine H. Pollak and Tom Tippett (Vanguard, $2), both authors being teachers in the Brookwood Labor College and trained social workers as well. Of course, there are many people who are without jobs or pay just now, but paradoxically enough, this merely heightens the importance of the book. One of the most disturbing books of this kind that has appeared lately is Clinch Calkins's *Some People Won't Work* (Harcourt, Brace), and any one who cares to pursue these matters further would do well to read it. Also for those who are interested in the people who do the work of the world is *The Black Worker* by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris (Columbia University Press, $4.50), a full and detailed study of the present situation of the Negro in American industry, of especial importance because it covers the period of the great shift from Southern farms to Northern and Western mills and factories, a change that has already had a profound effect upon the whole racial question. This is a good time to estimate the effects of the exodus, now temporarily, at least, at an end, because of the depression.

Americans as Anti-Semites

STILL another phase of life in America is covered in *Christians Only* by Heywood Broun and George Britt (Vanguard, $2.50), a study of Anti-Semitism in all its phases that may well be read by both Jew and Gentile. *Big Town* by Philip McKee, with a preface by Sherwood Anderson (John Day), is an impressionistic picture of an American city, more or less typical, and not done in many rosy colors, but recognizably faithful. These "big towns" are a peculiarly American product, and therefore especially interesting. Sociologists may learn something from Mr. McKee's book, a sketchier *Middletown;* intelligent readers will certainly find it worth perusing. Most of the books mentioned in this section of the Landscape are critical of our civilization; perhaps it would be well to sound at least one optimistic note by saying a word or two about a volume called *Mr. Justice Holmes*, edited by Felix Frankfurter and published by Coward-McCann. It contains articles by Benjamin N. Cardozo, Mr. Frankfurter, Morris Cohen, Learned Hand, Walter Lippmann, Harold J. Laski and others, in praise of the work of our most distinguished member of the Supreme Bench. No country that can produce a Holmes need despair, but it would help us to find out how to speed up production; unfortunately Henry Fords are helpless when it comes to such really vital problems.

Mr. Seabrook Is Back

THOSE who have had enough of such serious and immediate matters as labor problems in the United

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States do not lack for choice literature of escape at present. The redoubtable William Seabrook is again with us; this time the book is *Jungle Ways* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), the account of Mr. Seabrook's explorations in Africa, including his investigation of primitive magic and sorcery there. In 1929, Mr. Seabrook went to the Ivory Coast, where he spent some months. Later he went to live among the Gueré cannibals. He also investigated life in Timbuctoo, and among the Habbe, a cliff-dwelling and phallus-worshipping people to the east. There are many excellent illustrations and the text is as exciting as usual; Mr. Seabrook has a way with him when it comes to primitive people, and manages to see much that would be hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller.

Sea-lovers will find a great deal to interest them in Alan J. Villiers' *Vanished Fleets* (Holt, $3.50), which is, in effect, a maritime history of Tasmania in the very early days, with chapters on whaling, convict ships, Hobart-built clippers, and many other interesting topics, including sketches of some of the outstanding personalities in the island's history. Mr. Villiers can write, as those who recall his *Falmouth for Orders* and *By Way of Cape Horn* already know; in *Vanished Fleets* he has found sympathetic material and he has done an invaluable bit of sea history just in time to save the material from everlasting oblivion. *Atlantic Circle: Around the Ocean With the Winds and Tides* by Leonard Outhwaite (Scribner, $3.50), is another book for lovers of the sea. It describes a 14,000-mile journey in a small schooner.

Travelling on Foot

A REALLY unusual travel book is Marcel Aurousseau's *Highway Into Spain* (Alfred King, $3.50), which the Landscaper read in manuscript some months ago. Mr. Aurousseau is not French, as his name would indicate, but Australian. His book is an account of a walking trip with a friend from Paris through the heart of France and into Spain as far as Madrid. The two men were fifty-two days on the road. They took the luck of the road so far as accommodations were concerned, and they did not "bone up" the countries they visited, their notion being to get fresh impressions, in which they were successful. Walking, one has time to observe and to cogitate, so there is a right Borrovian quality to *Highway Into Spain*. One will learn less about Spain from it than from other books, but a good deal about people, and particularly about the author. This is a long book, and not to be swallowed whole, perhaps, but there is much good and thoughtful reading in it, and the mere fact that the journey was taken is heartening — there is some one left in the world willing to use the two feet God gave him to move himself from one place to another. Other forms of transportation are unsatisfactory substitutes; there is the same difference in walking over a country and riding over it as there is between carving something out of a piece of wood with one's hands and running a machine to do the same thing. The spirit simply refuses to accept the substitute at its face value.

In Silver Seas and Golden Cities (Liveright, $3.50), Frances Parkin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son Keyes has written an agreeably chatty and informative book about Portugal, Spain, and the South American countries. Her style is easy and unpretentious, and she is the sort of romantic traveller many people enjoy reading. In Spain she saw Alfonso, whom she admired; she had the necessary number of adventures on the long journey, and knew how to make literary use of them. The Landscaper shares her admiration of Alfonso, although he runs the risk of losing some Republican friends in Spain in making such a brash statement. It isn't the King that is the matter with Spain; the trouble strikes far deeper and would not be cured by a change in the form of government, certainly not a change that implied a control by the intellectuals of the nation, who are just as charming and just as ineffectual as the intellectuals of any other nation.

Essays About Mexico

With a steadily rising interest in Mexico, the publication of a volume of admirable essays called *The Genius of Mexico* by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin-America, should interest many intelligent Americans. The volume is made up of lectures delivered at the Fifth Seminar in Mexico City in 1930, and covers the broadest possible field. Hubert C. Herring and Katherine Terrill are the editors. The book should prove itself indispensable for prospective visitors to the country who really wish to know something about it.

A recent work of a biographical nature that has the widest possible general interest is *My Story* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), which will have been discussed from one end of the country to the other by the time these words reach print. Mrs. Rinehart has had a remarkable career; she has made a tremendous lot of money out of her writing without neglecting her home and her husband; and two of her sons are among the rising young publishers of America, while a third is giving all his time to writing after several years of experience in publishing. She has worked with enormous energy all these years and has had honors and thrilling experiences without end. Her story is told simply, honestly and candidly and should prove entertaining as well as inspiring reading to almost any one.

A Poet's Love-Affair

An autobiography of an altogether different sort is *World Without End* by Helen Thomas (Harper), the strangely moving account of her life with Edward Thomas, the English poet who was killed at Gallipoli. The first part of the book appeared in 1927. It was called *As It Was*, and signed simply "H. T." Many people were shocked by its frankness, although it had the quality of a pagan idyll, and could have distressed no one except those unfortunates who can not look upon a nude statue without ardently desiring to clothe it. *As it Was* is reprinted here in its entirety, and the rest of the story is told. It is a beautiful love story, and worthy to be read for long years to come.

Another autobiography that required no small amount of honesty and self-forgetfulness to write is *The Recovery of Myself* by Marion King (Yale University Press, $2),

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has an introduction by Dr. Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins University. Miss King was taken to a sanitarium for nervous and mental diseases after she had swallowed an overdose of veronal, and her book recounts her struggle back into sanity. It is different from most narratives of this kind in that Miss King was in good hands from the first and was helped along the right path; this makes for less dramatic interest than is to be found in such books as Clifford Whittingham Beers's *The Mind That Found Itself*, but it is no less important for this reason. Psychiatry's hardest fight has been to persuade the public to regard nervous and mental disease calmly, and to realize that psychic upsets contain no reproach, but are as much a part of life as broken legs or common colds. Miss King's honest book should help other sufferers toward a sound attitude. Its interest to the profession goes without saying, as any first-hand document of the sort is sure of a welcome.

And Many Biographies

Among more formal biographies are to be found lives of Schopenhauer, Wordsworth, Abraham Cowley, Light Horse Harry Lee, and others. V. J. McGill, who wrote *August Strindberg, the Bedevilled Viking*, is responsible for the lively portrait of Schopenhauer, which is subtitled *Pagan and Pessimist* (Brentano, $4). This is Schopenhauer, the witty man of the world, as well as the pessimistic philosopher who created a far-flung system of thought. Herbert Read's *Wordsworth* (Cape and Smith, $3), is a biography and critical study combined, in which Mr. Read argues that the Wordsworthian nature-worship was all wrong, but that the purely aesthetic qualities of the poetry give it enduring value. *Abraham Cowley: The Muse's Hannibal*, is the work of Arthur H. Nethercroft (Oxford University Press, $4.25). Cowley, it seems, was one of those universal men, and is here written of as much more than a metaphysical poet, for he was also playwright, Royalist spy, physician, scientist, and so on. Thomas Boyd has done a fine book in his *Light Horse Harry Lee* (Scribner, $3.50). This Lee was the father of Robert E. Lee; he was one of the most brilliant figures of Colonial days, a soldier and politician, who had long years of success when the world seemed to smile upon him, but who ended his days under a shadow of disappointment and failure. He has been painted by Mr. Boyd against an excellent panorama of the times.

Gamaliel Bradford has done a whole book of psychographs in *The Quick and the Dead* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). His subjects range from Lenin to Roosevelt, and include, besides these two, Coolidge, Ford, Edison, Mussolini, and Wilson. It is a little too much to expect of any one man that he should entirely comprehend the genius of such a widely assorted group, but Mr. Bradford has the uncanny faculty of hitting off good sketches, and the worst that may be said for this lot is that some of them may furnish material for argument.

A Master of Tammany

The current interest in Tammany Hall's activities gives special point to the publication of *Master of Manhattan: The Life Story of Richard*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Croker (Longmans, Green, $3.50); this is a good piece of work, and one wishes that every New Yorker would read it and think about it — this would leave the city in the hands of the Tiger, however, for the Tiger's hold is on people who neither read nor think and on people who have much money and wish to avoid the complications that might ensue if a reform administration came into power. This remark may seem cynical, and perhaps it is, but the Landscaper is of the firm opinion that political organizations such as Tammany are kept in power because they systematize matters; at worst, one knows to whom to pay the graft, and is reasonably sure of not being double-crossed.

It is an accident that one of the most exciting books of recent months has wandered off to the end of the biography section. This is *Savage Messiah* (Knopf, $5), by H. S. Ede, the life story of the sculptor, Gaudier-Brzeska and his companion, Sophie Brzeska, whose name he added to his own. Henri Gaudier was all artist; he was many years younger than Brzeska when they began living together. They spent a life of tremendous emotional content, explosions and reconciliations, and all that, and Mr. Ede, treating the whole matter with commendable objectivity, offers a rare study of the artistic temperament at close range and also of the eternal clash between male and female, intensified in the case of artists. This is a remarkable book, and will well repay reading.

New Keys to the Riddle

PSYCHOLOGISTS continue to do their bit toward helping us to find answers to the Great Riddle. H. A. Overstreet, one of the most popular of the higher grade writers in this field, offers a thought-provoking volume in *The Enduring Quest: A Search for a Philosophy of Life* (Norton, $3), which is an attempt to work out a philosophy that takes into full account all the recent revelations of science. How successful the attempt is depends too much upon the individual for the Landscaper to try to pass judgment. *God Helps Those . . .* by Dr. Fritz Kunkel (Washburn, $3), exponent of the Adlerian theories, is a book on psychology and the development of character that seems refreshingly common-sense. *A Primer for Mothers* by Dr. William Stekel (Macaulay, $3.50), is made up of a series of letters to a mother, giving rules for the psychological care of the child from earliest infancy to maturity. Dr. Stekel is an eminent psychoanalyst, who has put the fruits of his long experience into the present volume, which, while it is directed primarily to German and Austrian mothers, contains much that should be of service anywhere. Complex-free children ought to be possible with this guidance. *Sin and Sex* by Robert Briffault, author of the huge two-volume work on *The Mothers*, is also published by Macaulay, and treats of the curiously world-wide association of the two nouns used in his title. There is no ground-breaking here, for most of us know by this time that moral conventions differ very widely in different countries and different periods, and that Man is highly illogical about the exercise of the sexual functions. What to do to improve matters is something else again; *mores* are *mores* and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are not changed by taking thought.

At the other extreme from these volumes, since its author thinks we must discard Science as a guide to human conduct, or at least curb its sweeping claims to omniscience, is Arnold Lunn's *The Flight from Reason* (Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, $3.50), which is subtitled: *An Examination of the Victorian Heresy*. "It," says the blurb, "sounds the requiem for dogmatic materialism." Somebody is forever sounding the requiem for such disagreeable things as dogmatic materialism, but the corpse refuses to remain buried.

Space grows short and there are several important books still to be mentioned, including *Enter the Actress* by Rosamond Gilder (Houghton Mifflin, $5), the history of acting from the female point of view, and a fascinating study, with plenty of emphasis upon personalities, and many good illustrations. There is also a nonsense history of England called *1066 And All That*, by W. C. Sellars and R. J. Yeatman (Dutton, $1.75), which has been highly praised by F. P. A., Alexander Woollcott, and others, and which is genuinely funny; and there is a book of good light verse called *Manhattans, Bronxes and Queens*, by Wilfred J. Funk (McBride) — Mr. Funk being the head of the publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED